NOV. 13, 1937

Literary DIGEST

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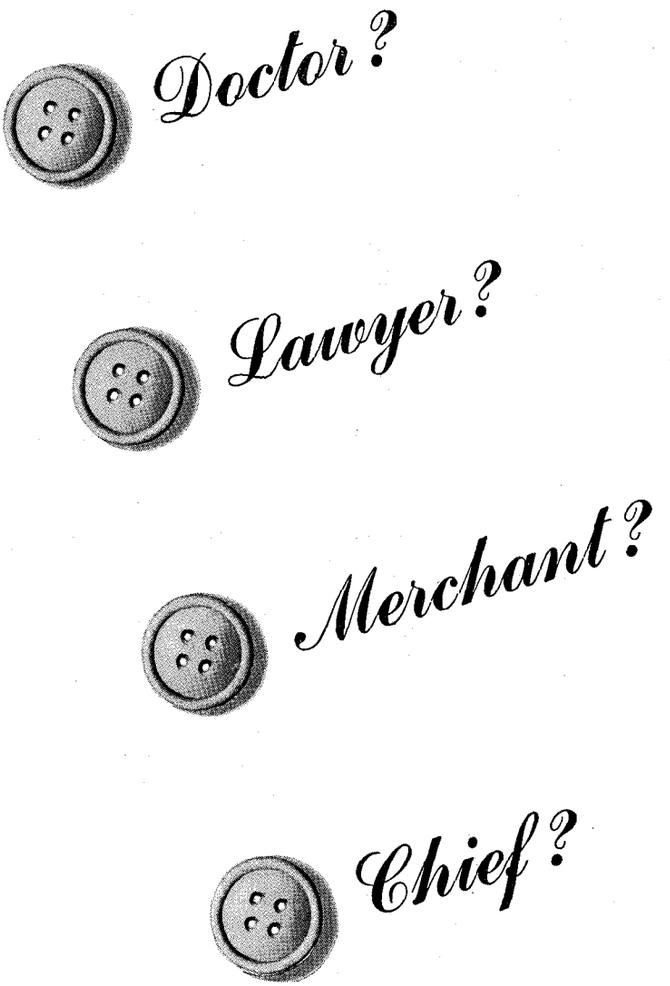

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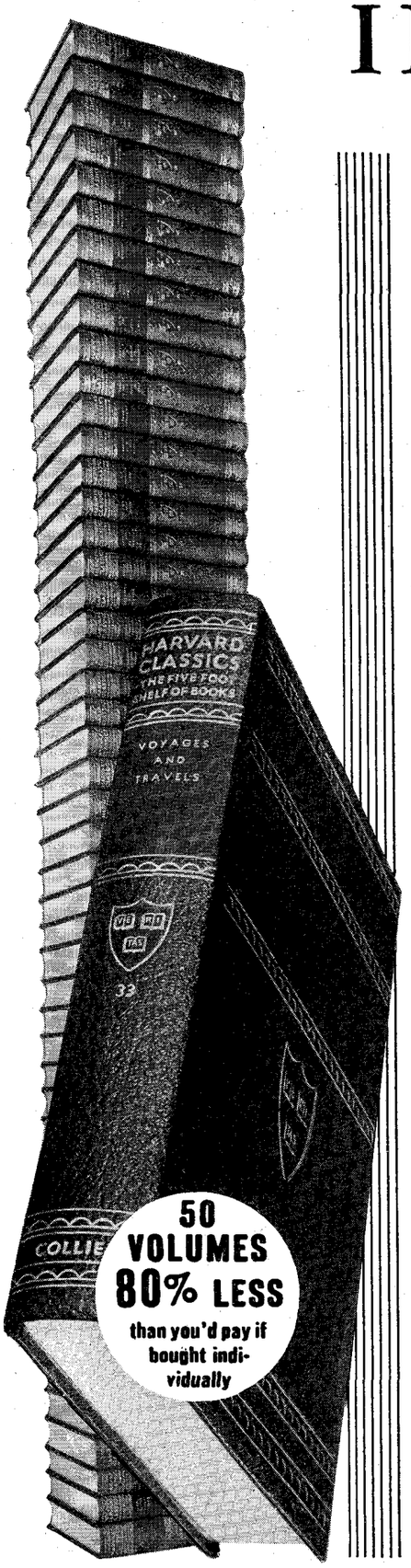
How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX



A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

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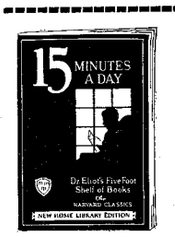

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Give and Take

Greenbelt belted

Roundup, Mont.—As a stupefied stockholder in Greenbelt, Maryland, may I ask you to publish, along with the final figures on the project, the original estimates of the uplifters who sold it to us?

Why do we "subtract" the $5,000,000 for relief labor, along with the $643,000 for land reserve and the $284,000 for recoverables? Our President, in passing through this state recently, emphasized the permanent value to us of the useful labors of the WPA. Now, after seeing an example, we find it would be well to throw them away.

Expenditures on Greenbelt will be paid back, you say, in 60 years. With just what allowance for interest and taxes, vacancies, and allowance for changes in life that 60 years may bring?

We who keep our own houses clean and warm, and who earned and saved the money to build them, have a right to the facts. Uplifters want to build vast numbers of houses for the underprivileged with our money. We ask for a careful review of any sales talk they give us.—*L. Ray Carroll*

(Editor's note: The first estimate of the cost of Greenbelt was $5,500,000, which was later revised to $8,000,000. Total costs are now figured at about $14,000,000.)

Now we U-S-ians

Atlanta, Ga.—The United States of America is the only country lacking a noun and an adjective to describe its inhabitants, customs, language. The only term

by which we refer to ourselves is *Americans,* a name to which we have no more right than do the Canadians, Mexicans, or Eskimos.

I suggest for this purpose the name "Uessians" (U-S-ians). The people of both Americas have every right to resent our reference to ourselves as *Americans,* just as if we were absolutely the only inhabitants of the two continents.—*Benjamin F. Stovall*

Columbiana

New York, N. Y.—The article, "America's Bill of Rights," is valuable as a reminder that beneath the Constitution as a new framework of government lay the experience of the American colonies for over a century in building up the theory and practice of self-government.

The Bill of Rights is not to be regarded as an addendum or an afterthought, but as a fundamental part of the Constitution. It represents the concentrated wisdom of the separate commonwealths; and its ten articles, reduced from more than a hundred proposed, are the basis on which the structure of our government was raised.—*David S. Muzzey, Ph.D.*

Crime curb

New York, N. Y.—Tom Dewey's racket prosecutions as described in your recent article have given courage to everyone who believes that crime can be curbed when honesty, ability and freedom from political control are given their proper place in the prosecutor's office. For the first time in New York's history, racketeers are on the run today.—*A. H. MacCormick, Commissioner of Correction*

Wilson's adviser speaks

Austin, Tex.—I have read your Pro and Con page on the President's stand on neutrality. Anything that the President of the United States has to say concerning peace is of value, and his Chicago speech has stirred the activities for peace all over the world.—*Col. Edward M. House*

Pas Boche

New York, N. Y.—Your article "Greek meets Greek" refers to the French peasants of Picardy and to the Germans of Baden and Würtemberg as "virtually identical stock, living next door to each other," and hating each other precisely "because of blood ties and proximity." Furthermore, according to you, it is "these kindred southwesterners that the northeastern French still call Boche."

If you will look at a map of Europe, you will realize that the French province of Picardy has no common border with Baden or Würtemberg. Between French and German peasants of these provinces there are no blood ties, and there is no reason why they should detest each other.

As for the word *Boche,* it is not used only in Picardy, it does not apply to Germans of any particular province of Germany, and it had originally absolutely no pejorative meaning. It was just slang for "German."

The word has been formed like many other slang words in France, by deformation of the ending and suppression of the first syllable. The word "Allemand" was first transformed into "Alboche" and later into "Boche."—*Firmin Guégo*

Mais oui

Tucson, Ariz.—You say, in "Greek meets Greek," that the peasants of Baden and Picardy lived next-door to each other. Picardy does not adjoin Baden. But you are right, or virtually so. Between Picardy and Baden is Alsace-Lorraine, which in the World War was German. Further, Picardy is highly Teutonic in blood, and its civilization resembles that of the Catholic German Southwest. "Boche" has always meant, primarily, the closest-up Germans.—*Henning Jones*

That plaid gingham dress

Detroit, Mich.—In the issue of October 16, there appears a photograph, illustrating the article "Ol' Man River," of a scene on the deck of a steamboat, and captioned "Fashionable travel in the '80s aboard the *City of St. Louis.*" I looked at the picture more closely—and saw my mother and father in the group at the left; and the little girl in the plaid gingham dress by the railing is myself.

The lady without a hat, shown in profile against the white cabin door, is my mother, and, seated, facing the camera, is my father, Morrison Foster.—*Evelyn Foster Morneweck*

Literary
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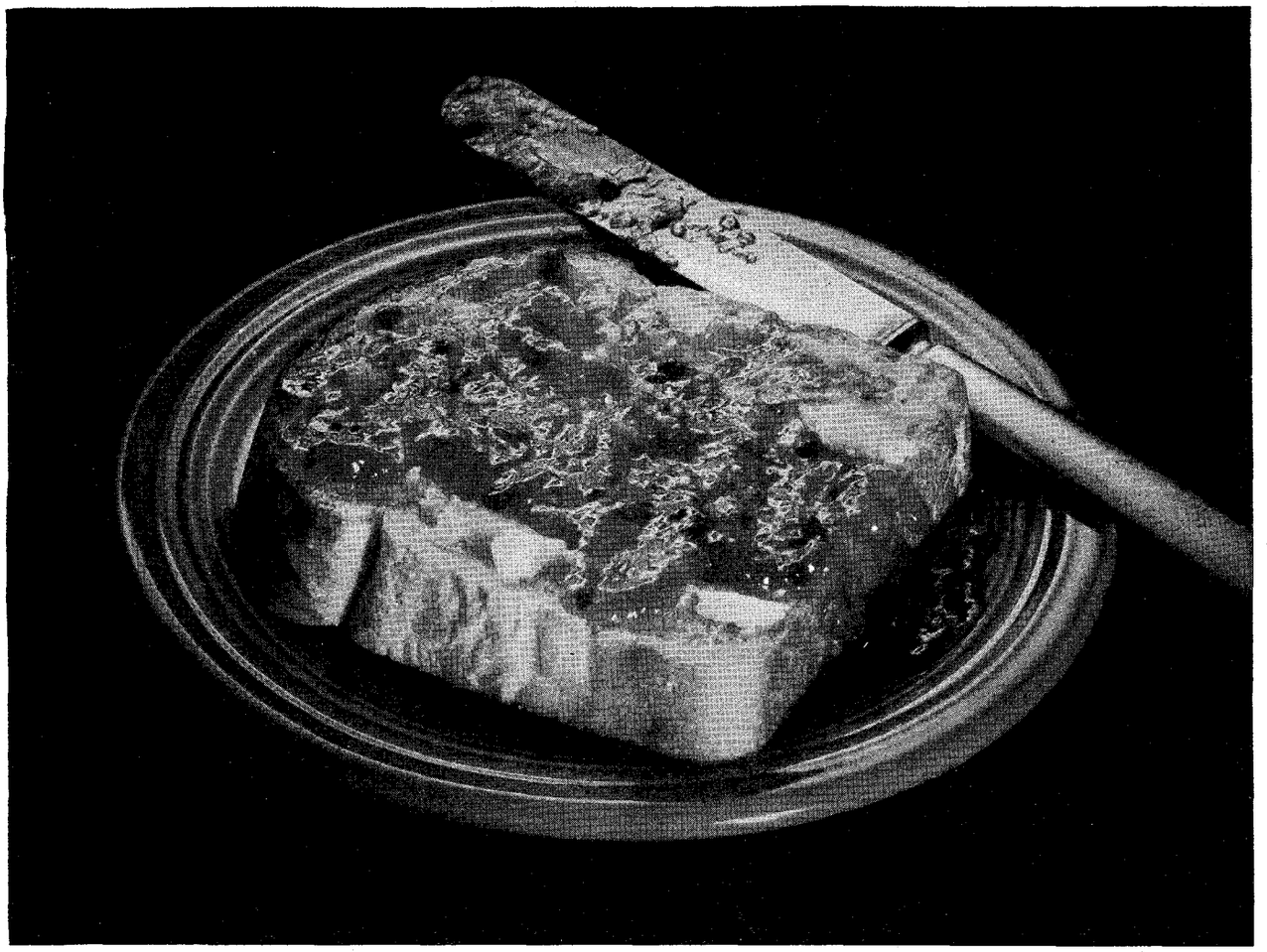

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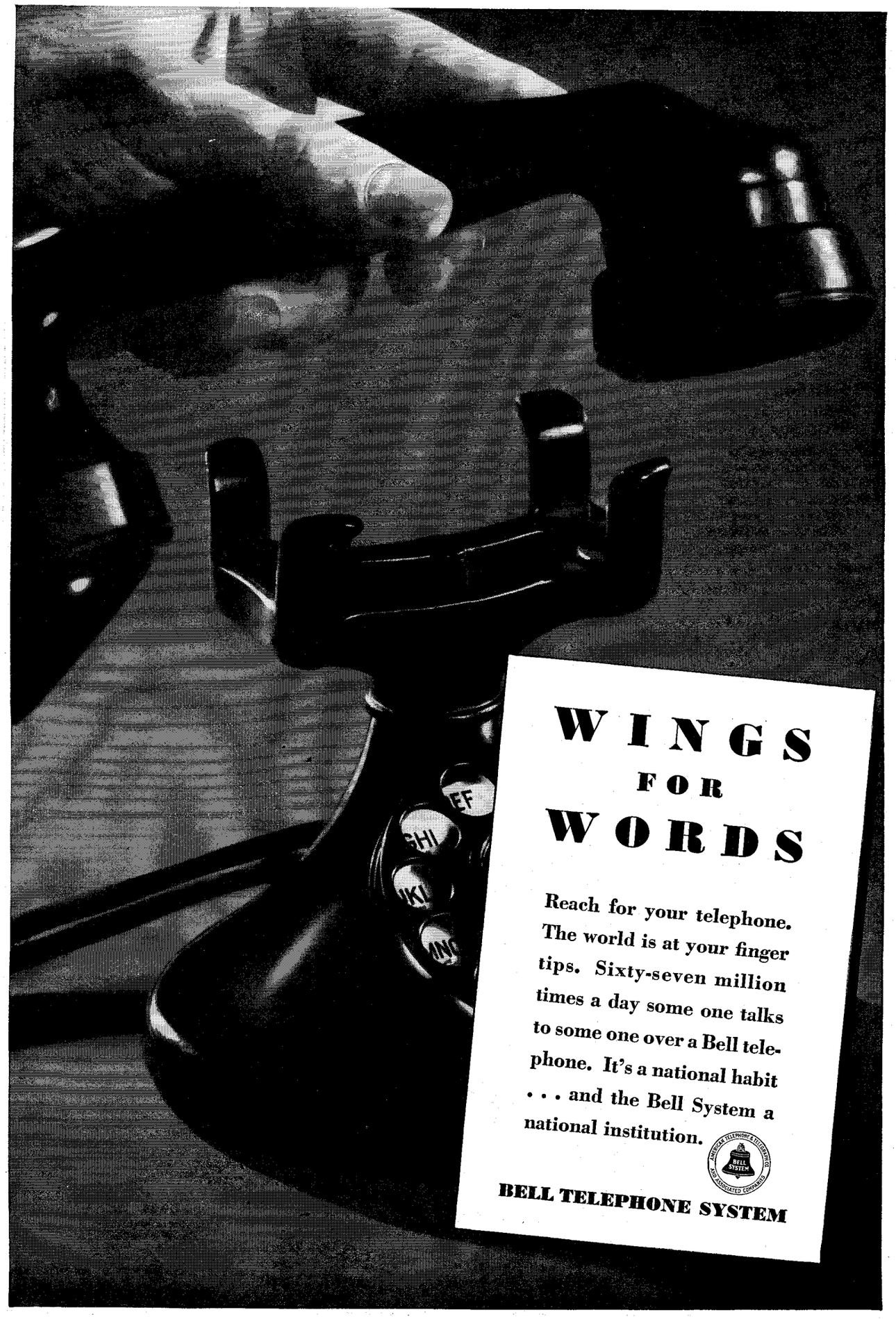

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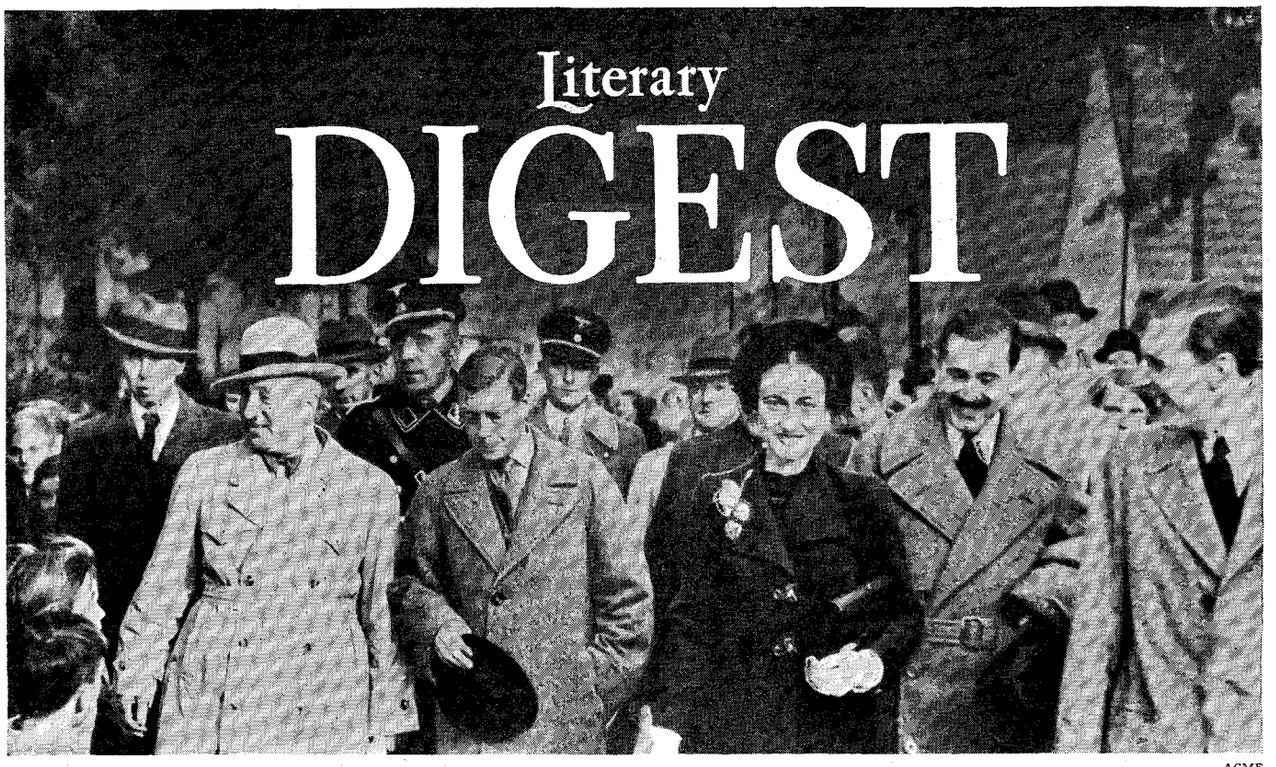

ACME

INCOMING ROYALTY—The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, arriving this week to pursue social studies, are in danger of being swamped by America's feverish welcome

Story of a Week

FASTER! Some time in remote history an unknown savage, the first speed maniac, jumped on a wild horse and, until he was thrown, traveled faster than any man ever had traveled before.

Inborn urge for speed in modern times produced the steam locomotive. In the spring of 1848, the Great Western Express roared into London 47 minutes after leaving Didcot, 53 miles away. It averaged nearly 68 miles an hour and set all Europe talking.

Faster! A few years ago a 900-horsepowered Union Pacific streamliner flashed across two miles of Nebraska plains at the rate of 120 miles an hour.

Fast, but not fast enough to satisfy the twentieth century. In 1935 Sir Malcolm Campbell, speed-worshiping British auto driver, came to America, burned up the roads at 301.1292 miles an hour and said he hoped to do better.

Then, only the other day, Captain George T. Eyston, another breakneck Englishman, took his big car *Thunderbolt* out to Utah and sent it over the Bonneville salt flats at 309.6 miles an hour.

"I had no fear," he said, as he finished. "I just had to let her flatten out and follow the black line up the center of the course."

Because *Thunderbolt* broke down on the return journey, the record was not official, but when Captain Eyston stepped out of his car he nevertheless had traveled faster on land than any mortal since creation. Now he says he will bring his second racer to the Bonneville flats to seek new records next year. Its fitting name, he reveals, is *Speed of the Winds.*

THIS WEEK

Cover design in candid color by Maxwell Frederic Coplan

Give and Take	2
Story of a Week	5
Pro and Con	12
When Congress Comes to Town	13
"War to End Wars"	16
Two Peoples—One Land	18
Stage-Struck	20
Reading Around the World	23
Topics in the News (Business, Science, Religion, Sports, Movies, Theater)	31
Topics in Brief	35
The Spice of Life	36

LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

LAGUARDIA wins again

BECAUSE of its rich stakes, colorful figures, and national implications, New York City's election last week excited the attention of the entire country.

Control of the largest city on the western hemisphere, with nearly 250,000 city employees, an annual budget topping $589,000,000 and taxable property of more than 18 billions, was the prize.

The chief figure: Fiorello H. LaGuardia, New York's doughty little mayor, candidate of Republican, American Labor, City Fusion, and City Progressive parties, running to succeed himself and to smash a local tradition that "a reform mayor never comes back." He smashed it hard. His majority: 454,425.

His running mate: Thomas E. Dewey, famous pretzel-nibbling foe of racketeers, named by the same parties to wrest the District Attorney's office from Tammany. He did it, beating his rival by more than 108,000.

LaGuardia, elected first as a Fusionist four years ago, has had a tumultous life

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EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO BY LEAVITT

NEW YORK RE-ELECTS Fiorello H. LaGuardia, anti-Tammany reform mayor. They said it couldn't be done

in office. He scanned the public payroll and slashed salaries of employees ruthlessly. "Phooey!" he said, when they grumbled. He incensed Republican leaders by refusing to "take care of the boys" and turned a deaf ear to threats of reprisal. He invited outsiders to help him run the city and laughed at the resulting furor. He sassed bankers when they tried to pin stiff rates on loans to the city and bluffed them into better ones.

Born in New York 55 years ago, he grew up on the plains of Arizona. His father wanted him to be a musician; he wanted to be a jockey; he became a politician. While abroad in the American consular service he learned to speak seven languages. He used all of them in the campaign just ended.

In 1916, as a Republican, he was sent to Congress to represent a Democratic district. Next he saw combat service with the Air Division of the American Army on the Italian front. Back in New York in 1919, he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen. He annoyed Mayor Hylan and Comptroller Craig. "Why don't you hit that little wop over the head with the gavel?" Craig once asked Hylan. Returning to Congress in a few years, he vexed Republican leaders by "going off the reservation." He stayed off, got back into Congress as a Socialist and supported Democratic measures. "He's not a Republican, not a Democrat or Socialist, but a damned soloist," said one critic.

Struggling to preserve the tradition that in New York a reform mayor never succeeds himself, Democrats placed Jeremiah T. Mahoney, former State Supreme Court Judge, in the field against him. Mahoney, 62, self-styled "restless mick," was a boxer in college and still fights three-round bouts to keep fit.

He and LaGuardia fought through the campaign with bare knuckles. The issue, according to orators for LaGuardia, was whether New York should retain his "clean, non-partisan government" or return to "the Tammany Hall spoils system." The issue, said Democratic spellbinders, was whether the city was to be run by "that clown in the City Hall." Mahoney accused LaGuardia of "red" sympathies, denounced "communist leaders of the American Labor party" and promised, if elected, to "toss the reds out."

General interest in the vote was increased by LaGuardia's presidential possibilities. To William Allen White, editor and Kansas Republican, "LaGuardia is the one man in the United States meeting the requirements of the Republican party in its quest for a leader."

National interest also was aroused by the part in the election played by the American Labor party, which sought to gather organized labor under one political label with the avowed purpose of extending the party's influence into state and nation. The result was significant. 400,000 votes for Mayor LaGuardia were cast under the new party's emblem.

DEWEY on the way up

"WE WILL deliver the District Attorney's office back to its own proper function. We will show that in the underworld there is nothing bigger than a punk." This was the spirit of Thomas E. Dewey's campaign for District Attorney of New York County, brought to a roaring close last week.

Dewey's fight was harder than LaGuardia's. The Mayor ran in the five counties of Greater New York, but Dewey's contest was confined to New York County—Manhattan—Tammany's own bailiwick for years. Sympathizers in other boroughs of the city could cheer his speeches, but could not toss him a single vote. His opponent, Harold W. Hastings, long head of the Indictment Bureau of the District Attorney's office, could count on Tammany to the last man.

In New York only fourteen years, Mr. Dewey, now 35, studied law at Columbia, sang in a church choir, smoked cigarettes chain fashion and ate pretzels by the pound. He got his first big chance when United States Attorney Medalie, Southern District of New York, named him as chief assistant. In that post he went after "Waxey" Gordon, beer baron, and put him in prison. Appointed in 1935 by Governor Lehman as special prosecutor to dig out rackets in New York, he soon spread terror in the underworld. In the next two years he indicted 73 racketeers and convicted 72. Batting average: .986.

He threw himself into the race for District Attorney as he threw himself into the fight against racketeers. In his radio campaign, in soft, musical tones, he linked Tammany leaders with crooks and thugs. He named names. He invited one leader to have his political aids submit to fingerprinting. "There are twenty-two with records in one Assembly district alone," he said. "They include robbers, horse thieves, burglars, and convicted dope peddlers."

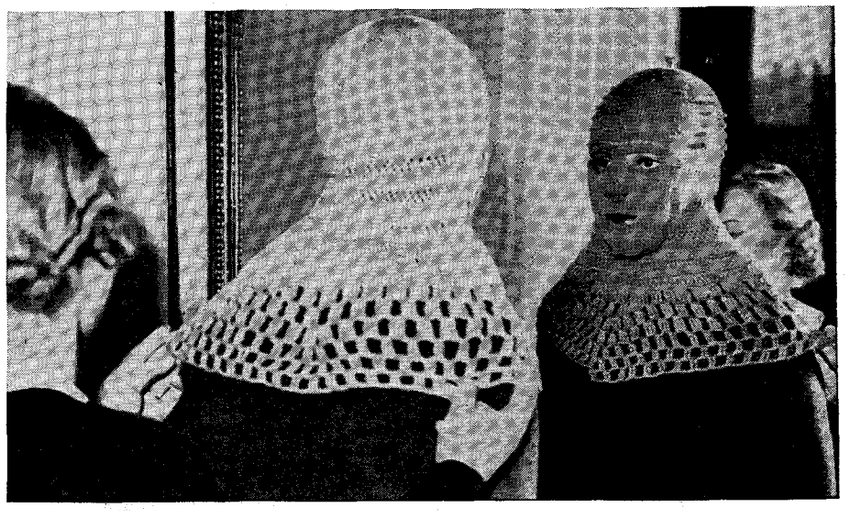
Following his triumph last week there was wide speculation about Mr. Dewey's future. Recalling the rise of Charles Evans Hughes after the insurance investigation of 1905, political prophets saw glittering possibilities in state and nation for the young prosecutor. "He's just beginning," they said, "and he's going far."

ELECTIONS left and right

WHILE LABOR was piling up a heavy vote in New York City and encouraging experts to repeat their predictions of a third, left-wing party in 1940, it was not faring so well in the Midwest.

In Detroit's non-partisan election (in which political parties are not identified),

WIDE WORLD



GALLIC IMPUDENCE struck a healthy note when fashion designers adapted to helmets for winter sports the headdress of "Les Cagoulards," a French secret society (modeled after the K.K.K.) which was quickly suppressed by the police

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the Committee for Industrial Organization failed in its attempt to elect a mayor. Backed by Republican and Democratic conservatives, Richard W. Reading defeated former State Attorney General Patrick H. O'Brien, who had the strong support of the C.I.O.

Reading, fifty-five years old, started his career as a newspaper galley boy, working up to become business manager of the Detroit *Times*. He has been elected city clerk since 1926. O'Brien incurred the wrath of conservatives by endorsing the sit-down strike.

In other municipal elections the trend varied. In Ohio, Republican incumbents were reëlected in Cleveland, Akron, and Canton, the latter two over C.I.O. opposition. In Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh reëlected Mayor Cornelius D. Scully, a Democrat with C.I.O. backing. Philadelphia, formerly a Republican stronghold, elected a host of Democrats to minor positions. In Boston, Maurice J. Tobin defeated James M. Curley, former Democratic governor, who had aspired to serve a fourth term. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, manufacturing center, Jasper McLevy, New England's first Socialist mayor, was reëlected for a third term.

Republican governors dropped from seven to six. Senator A. Harry Moore, Democrat, already twice Governor of New Jersey, became the first Governor in his state to win a third term. A conservative, condemned by the C.I.O., Moore had the backing of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. The defeated candidate was the Rev. Lester H. Clee, "the Fighting Dominie," who three years ago entered politics from his Newark pulpit.

Only four vacancies in Congress were filled, all in the lower house. The Republican party emerged with a gain of one seat. Bruce Barton, author and advertising man, captured a previously Democratic seat in New York City.

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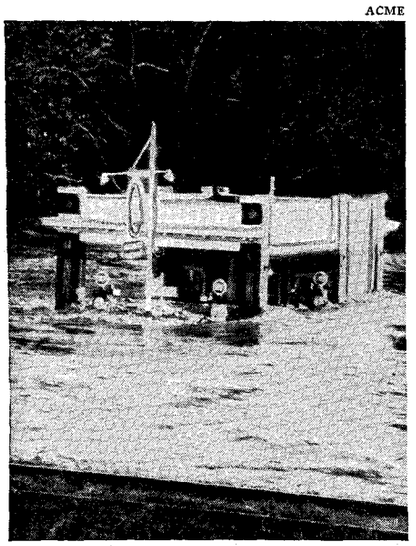

FREE WATER engulfed this Gulf gas station at Martinsville, Va., when the Smith River inundated the highway

CURRENT OPINION: The nation's editors discuss the visit here of the Duke and Duchess

THE UNITED STATES is justly proud of its hospitality to fugitives, political and otherwise, and if the passports of the Duke and Duchess are in order, and if they can meet the requirements of the customs and immigration officials, no reason exists why they should not visit us. By the same token, no reason exists why they should be paid any special attention once they arrive.—*Hartford Courant.*

By the time moronic and curious Americans get through shoving the Windsors around, and the press and photographic armies have put them through the paces, they'll be longing for their isolated castle in Austria.—*Shawnee (Okla.) Morning News.*

There must be something more in the visit of the Windsors than meets the casual eye. Unless the Duke is merely bent on acquiring information on housing, he must have some useful purpose in mind.—*Portland Oregonian.*

It will be purely a social visit with no political significance.—*Kansas City Star.*

The Duke is a man who has had adulation, and said by a significant act that he was tired of it all. Then followed the vacancy of teacups and entertainment. He must be tired of that, too—if he is human. Now he expresses an interest in something that will fill up his idler's life.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Social ambitions are going to litter every other lawn in Hollywood and the privilege of meeting Edward Albert David and Wife is going to be twice as rare as a presentation at the Court of St. James's. The Windsors are determined to be secluded.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Maybe it's a deal. Maybe Secretary Ickes has promised not to bring up his Highness' back-slapping of Hitler if his Highness keeps mum on what he finds on his tour of Ickes' housing projects. —*Philadelphia Record.*

If the Duke and his Duchess are really going to study housing conditions, they'll have to move fast to include the trailer angle.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

If they don't look out when they start inspecting houses, some enterprising realtor will sell them one.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Studying the unemployment situation may be the Duke's idea of a steady job.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

The Duke of Windsor ought to call up young Mr. Langdon Post [New York Tenement House Commissioner]. And then the Duke should say:

"Mr. Post, I understand that one quarter of the citizens of this richest city in the world live in a squalor that breeds crime and disease. I want to see things, Mr. Post."

He can do that in America. And he will render us a great service by making us ashamed of ourselves.—*New York Daily Mirror.*

He could make all his expenses for Wallie and himself if he'd repeat that abdication speech of his on the Rudy Vallee program some night.—*New York World-Telegram.*

The prohibitions laid upon the Duke and Duchess will tend to make them more popular than ever in the United States, and perhaps to make Americans more than ever distrustful of British government officials.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Duke is like a politician who has lost his place, his patronage, his post offices, his share of the appropriations, and almost everything else except his shirt. If anyone thinks there's a chance of his coming back, he may not remain a lonesome figure. Otherwise he can still stroll the streets and be as undisturbed as a man in a desert.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is probably too much to expect that we Americans will be sensible about the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and treat them like ordinary people. —*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

The Duke is a brave man. Or perhaps he is just ignorant of the American custom of welcoming great lovers. Millons of our emotionally starved women already have begun to thrill in anticipation of the visit. They will be willing to take him apart if need be to capture some memento of the occasion. —*Oklahoman (Oklahoma City, Okla.).*

DUKE and Duchess drop in

WITH 70 trunks and a retinue of six servants, two secretaries, a bodyguard and a valet, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor visit America.

Hannen Swaffer, London dramatic critic and friend of both, puffed at a cigar in a New York club last week, said an Associated Press story in the Baltimore *Sun*. "The Duke and Duchess," he explained, "are sick of night clubs, weary of skiing and golf, and fed up with leading the life of the idle rich. They're coming simply because they're bored."

While here they will attend a White House luncheon and a dinner at the British embassy, before journeying to Hollywood and Florida. Edward will speak to the nation over the radio.

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CHINA'S "George Washington" is Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese republic. Japanese soldiers jeer at the statue of Sun, overturned by bombs in Shanghai

The Duke says the reason for their visit is merely a desire "to make some contribution as private individuals toward solving some of the vital problems that beset the world today." Housing and labor conditions are their current interests. Therefore, many social invitations have been declined. "The schedule of our industrial tour is so full," they said.

The Duke is no stranger to America. Twice before, once in 1919 and again in 1924, he visited here as Prince of Wales, rode up Broadway between banked sidewalks, sojourned at swanky Long Island homes and was feted till it hurt. This time he wants to see the country.

MONEY for farmers

THIS HAS BEEN a good year for farmers. It has been especially good for the corn farmer—so good, in fact, that, according to the October estimate of the Federal Crop Reporting Board, he will harvest a million more bushels this year than last.

But the corn farmer suffers from too much of a good thing. As each monthly estimate of his crop has risen, the price has fallen. To help him out (and to stabilize the market as well), the Commodity Credit Corporation will lend him $85,000,000. In return for the loan, he must promise (as did borrowing cotton growers) to abide by the AAA's Soil Conservation program for 1938.

To obtain the $85,000,000, the Corporation will borrow from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which in turn will get the money from the Treasury on its own notes. Hence two questions pop up: 1. Did not President Roosevelt decree no further commitments for the RFC? 2. Will not the corn loan further unbalance the budget? The Administration's answers are:

1. At present, the Commodity Credit Corporation has no means of obtaining money for crop loans except through RFC advances. At the November 15 session of Congress, however, President Roosevelt will sponsor legislation enabling the Corporation to borrow directly from the Treasury on its own notes. Then it will have a direct avenue for funds. The RFC, meanwhile, will obligate itself only temporarily, because the loan is expected to be quickly repaid. Besides, the present loan is needed now because this year's corn crop has come to harvest earlier than normally.

2. As for the budget, President Roosevelt has pointed out that this $85,000,000 loan is already covered by the $100,000,000 allotted to the Commodity Credit Corporation in his latest budget estimate announced last month.

Balking at these Administration explanations, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.) remarks that the corn loan "boosts for the time being the Treasury burdens and therefore the $695,000,000 deficit estimate for the current year." Moreover, the Commodity Credit Corporation is to raise its own money, which "will add to the general debt obligation of the government."

MOONEY tries again

FOR TWO DECADES Tom Mooney has been in California's San Quentin prison. And for two decades he has fought, in court and out, to absolve himself of the crime for which he is serving a life sentence: participation in San Francisco's Preparedness Day bombing of 1916.

Two years ago, Mooney fought his case to the United States Supreme Court, which ruled that he must try all of California's legal avenues before it could consider his appeal. He tried the final one last week—that state's Supreme Court denied his plea for a writ of habeas corpus. Now America's most discussed prisoner has free access to the United States Supreme Court. And to the Court he again will take his case.

SUITS by Apex

NINETY-SIX years ago, Pennsylvania passed a law permitting property owners to bring suit against a county to collect damages for property destroyed during a riot. Under this law the county of Philadelphia was sued only once: in 1851 Kensington market operators won compensation for damages suffered in the labor riots of 1844.

Recently the law was invoked again. The Apex Hosiery Company, the country's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned silk hosiery, filed suit against Philadelphia County. It asked $1,026,793 for damages—resulting from physical breakage, maintenance charges, and inability to fill orders—alleged to have been suffered in a seven-week sit-down strike. Apex charged that police "did willfully and negligently remain inactive during the destruction of the property."

Last spring the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers, a

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C.I.O. affiliate, demanded a closed shop in Apex. William Meyer, sole owner of the company, refused. Then, in May, 200 workers sat down in the mills, throwing 2500 employees out of work. Strikers and loyal workers clashed violently and repeatedly.

Eighty-four days of strike ended on July 29 in a settlement providing for the open shop and giving the union sole bargaining rights for seven months. After this period the union can gain a closed shop if it has a substantial majority of the workers.

The suit now brought is one of three Apex cases pending. On May 28, the company sued the union and its officers for $3,000,000 as strike damages under the federal anti-trust act. This suit has not yet come up for trial. Apex also appealed to the courts to oust the strikers. On June 21, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals ordered evacuation of the plant, ruling that sit-down strikes are illegal. The union has appealed this ruling to the United States Supreme Court, which will decide, for the first time and for the country as a whole, the legality of labor's new weapon.

WAR in the Far East

FOLLOWING four months of bitter warfare between Japan and China, a turning-point seemed to come last week after the capture of Chapei, native quarter of Shanghai, by the Japanese. Fighting here had lasted for ten weeks.

Encouraged by their notable successes, the Japanese refused to attend the Nine-Power conference at Brussels to discuss the Sino-Japanese war. They declared that they were fighting China in self-defense, and that the Nine-Power treaty of 1922, which guarantees China's territorial integrity, is obsolete because of communistic activities in China. General Araki, former War Minister of Japan and a noted patriot, urged an immediate attack on Russia, blaming her propaganda for the Japanese-Chinese conflict.

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD

SEASONED DELEGATE Count Dino Grandi, once Foreign Minister, now Ambassador at London, maneuvers endlessly for Anglo-Italian amity

Avowedly, Japan seeks to control all North China down to the Yellow River, which is the "Mason-Dixon" line dividing Chinese North and South. North China has five provinces: Hopeh, Chahar, Shansi, Shantung, and Suiyan, fertile of soil and rich in natural resources which the overpopulated little Japanese islands need.

Fighting in the current war began on July 7 last, near the former Chinese capital of Peiping in Hopeh province. The Japanese conquered Hopeh, made the city of Tientsin their chief military base, and sent out three armies to subdue North China. One of these pushed down into Shantung, another northwestward into upper Shansi, a third southwestward along the Peiping-Hankow railway. The lines of communication for these three armies now stretch well over 1000 miles.

Meanwhile, with troops, planes and battleships, the Japanese attacked Shanghai in South China, a great banking and commercial center. They also bombed the Chinese capital of Nanking from the air and blockaded the Chinese coast almost from top to bottom.

Perhaps a million Chinese soldiers fight to defend their country from close to 300,000 Japanese; the Chinese rallying around the patriotic cult of their "George Washington," Dr. Sun Yat-sen (who died in 1925), the Japanese attempting to restore the ancient, conservative Confucian philosophy in the Chinese North.

The present war is one more step in a progression which has continued for nearly half a century, as Japan extends her influence over China. In 1895, after defeating China, Japan annexed the island of Formosa. In 1905, after defeating Russia, Japan obtained important concessions in a Manchuria nominally Chinese. Then, in 1910, she annexed Chinese Korea, having previously set it up as a semi-independent kingdom.

In 1932 came the final conquest of Manchuria by Japan, and the erection of a Japanese-controlled kingdom called Manchukuo. It includes not only Manchuria proper, but Jehol, a bordering province formerly Chinese, as well.

LITERARY DIGEST MAP BY R. FOSTER WORTHLEY

FIELD OF WAR where Japan is fighting "in self-defense" to extend her power in China. Since annexing Formosa in 1895, Japan has acquired Korea (1910), and made of Manchuria and Jehol the kingdom of Manchukuo, which she controls

STRUGGLE over Spain

FRESH from victories on the northwest coast of Spain, General Francisco Franco, leader of the Spanish insurgents, last week massed troops for a drive against loyalists in the northeast. Military observers on the spot believed he was trying to drive a wedge of steel between Barcelona and Valencia, the new and old capitals of loyalist Spain, thus cutting it in two and bringing the now 16-months-old civil war to an end.

While armies battled in Spain, diplomats fought over Spain in London. Foreign intervention was the issue. Italy had agreed to partial withdrawal of foreign troops from both Spanish loyalists and insurgents. Some days ago she went a step further and proposed that both sides be granted belligerent rights once the withdrawal of foreigners got under way.

If belligerent rights are granted, it would mean that a state of war is legally recognized in Spain, and that loyalists and insurgents may thenceforth enjoy equal wartime prerogatives. This would give both the right to buy war materials abroad, and would legalize the insurgent blockade of the loyalist coast.

Meanwhile, international tension increased in the Balearic Islands, territorially minute, but strategically mammoth dots in the Mediterranean off eastern Spain. The two largest islands—loyalist

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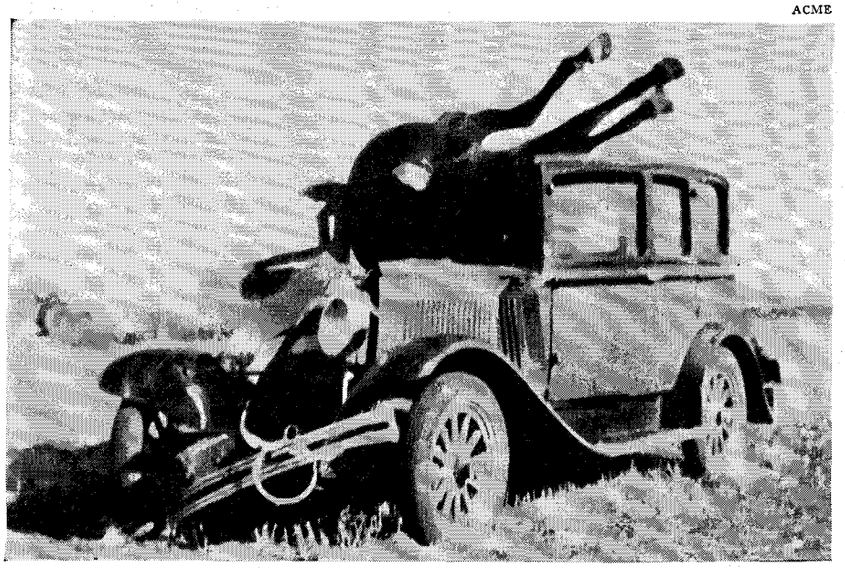
ACME



AUTOMOBILE REPLACES HORSE fatally (for this horse) in Saskatchewan, Canada, where food shortage causes farmers to allow their stock to range at large

Minorca and rebel Majorca—lie close by the English and French life-line trade routes to Suez and Africa. A fortnight ago, after three new attacks by planes of undetermined allegiance on French and British shipping, France sent a large destroyer to Minorca, while Britain dispatched the mighty battle cruiser *Hood*.

IL DUCE offers peace

SPEAKING some days ago before 350,000 cheering Italians gathered into the new flag-draped Mussolini Stadium in Rome, Il Duce struck a note of peace for the coming year. The occasion was the 15th anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome—"the turning-point," Hitler wired Mussolini, "not only in the history of Italy, but in all European development."

Many of the older blackshirts present at the recent get-together recalled the time, fifteen years ago, when they massed outside the walls of Rome and, advancing on the city in four columns, overthrew the then democratic government and set up Mussolini and a totalitarian state. This time Mussolini celebrated the march on Rome by having 2000 buglers trumpet his triumphant approach.

In a fifteen-minute speech Il Duce offered the world peace for a year. The offer was conditional. It depended, said Mussolini, upon the elimination of Bolshevism from Europe, especially from Spain; upon the revision of "some of the unsound and absurd clauses of the [Versailles] peace treaty"; and, above all, upon the condition that Italy be allowed to develop her newly-won empire in Ethiopia.

Then, turning to a small group of nazi leaders, who had been invited to attend the celebrations, he publicly declared for the first time that "a great nation like Germany should regain its place . . . in the African sun."

Diplomatic circles in Rome interpreted this sympathetic reference to German colonial demands as an indication that Mussolini will back Hitler to the diplomatic hilt if and when Germany formally demands a colonial empire.

The diplomats reasoned that, since the Rome-Berlin axis has lately been turning pretty much to the material advantage of Rome, the Berlin end of the axis is just about ready for similar gains. Germany, they say, backed Mussolini in Ethiopia and in Spain; now it is her turn to win some rewards with Mussolini's help.

Foreign reactions to Mussolini's offer were mixed. Germany was naturally enthusiastic—"henceforth," said virtually all of the government-inspired newspapers, "this [colonial] question must stand first among the diplomatic duties of Europe." Paris and London, holding certain of the colonies Germany wishes to regain, were naturally disturbed. Replying in Parliament, Foreign Secretary Eden led an attack against Mussolini's scheme. The semi-official French news-agency, Havas, twitted Mussolini for practicing the "Roman method which consists of being generous to Germany to the detriment of France and Britain."

MARS among the dykes

HOLLAND, with her rich colonies 9000 miles away in the East Indies, and her 60 million colonial natives, is generally considered an England in miniature. Once, in fact, she was England's chief colonial competitor and rival at sea. The British Empire grew at imperial Holland's expense, and today England, Holland, and France together control the destinies of a third of the world's inhabitants.

England and Holland are now the best of friends; and as England rearms, pacific Holland follows suit. The rearmament plan was announced in great detail by Premier Colijn when the Dutch Parliament recently staged its annual opening.

Japan, Dutchmen say, has long regarded the Dutch East Indies—Sumatra, Java, and Borneo—with a greedy eye, since these islands south of eastern Asia are rich in oil, rubber, and other commodities needed by Nippon. England's strongest naval base, at Singapore in the near-by Malay Straits, serves to guard the Dutch islands and Holland is grateful.

But, following the Colijn Plan, Holland increases her term of compulsory military service from 8 months to 11, and raises the number of annual conscripts from 19,000 to 45,000 by abolishing all sorts of easy exemptions which formerly kept young men from the colors. More officers and men, plus handsome new barracks to house them, will cost the Dutch taxpayers no less than $22,000,000. The Dutch home navy, rich in tradition, gets a cruiser, three flotilla leaders, eight minelayers, six submarines, and 12 mine-sweepers—all brand new. The Dutch East Indian fleet is also to be reinforced by new ships: three cruisers, 18 submarines, 12 destroyers, and 72 airplanes. Ships of the Dutch merchant marine will be armored for coast defense purposes.

Led by a new and aggressive Foreign Minister, Dr. J. A. N. Patijn, 64 years old, Holland prepares. "Our country," says Dr. Patijn flatly, "will never cede voluntarily one square meter of territory."

ATHEISM on the ebb

LATEST FIGURES of the Associated Press from Soviet Russia indicate that there are now only 2 million active, fighting atheists, out of a population of 170 million. The 2 million are members of the League of the Militant Godless, headed by Yemelyan Yaroslavsky, the Russian "Robert Ingersoll."

In the wild revolutionary and post-revolutionary days, this crusading organization flourished and spread far. But now Comrade Yaroslavsky is gravely perturbed, for his anti-church membership has shrunk from its former strength of 5 million. "Schoolchildren even sing in church choirs in some places," he mourns.

So anti-religion in Russia, like radical economic Bolshevism, is waning. Though certainly not a religious man, Dictator Stalin was educated to be a priest, and his devoted old mother, who died not long ago, was deeply religious to the end of her days. Under the new and very theoretical Russian constitution, clergymen can vote, and the Godless fear church influence in the coming December elections for the Russian Supreme Soviet, or Parliament.

Historians point to the parallel of France. Prior to her revolution of 1789, Catholicism was the sole French state religion. After the revolution came Hebert's agnostic cult of the Goddess of Reason, then Robespierre's unitarian sect of the Supreme Being. Finally, Napoleon instituted three state religions: Catholic,

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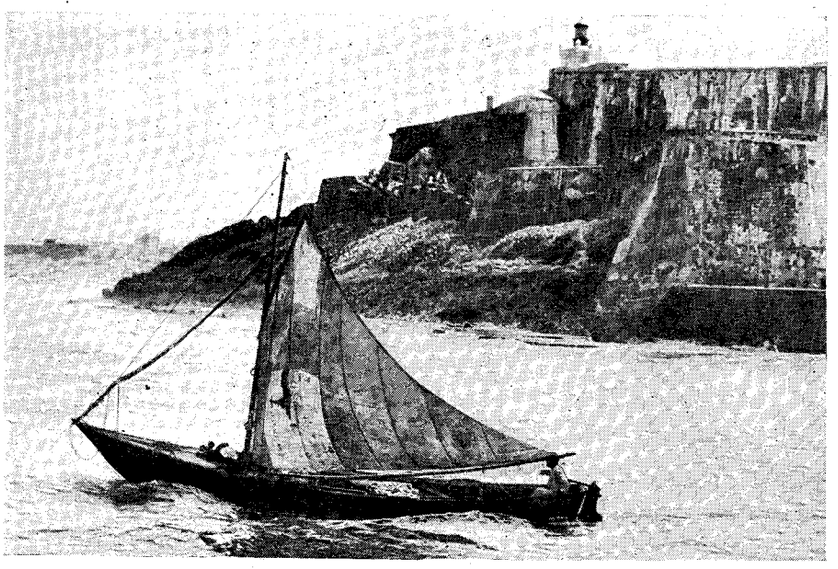
PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD



ESCAPE from Devil's Island was accomplished by four men on July 14. After 3 months in a 25-foot boat, they reached Puerto Rico where two of them, Giovanni Battestoti and Paul Renucci, swam to shore—and deportation. Francois Freau and Raymond Vaude anchored off Customs House and were allowed to proceed to Haiti

Protestant, and Jewish. This triple arrangement persisted down to 1905, when church and state were separated, as in the United States. Thus, in matters of belief, it took more than eleven decades to stabilize France. Soviet Russia has been in existence only two decades.

EMBARGO in Argentina

THE staple products of the vast, ranching Argentine (population, 12 million) are wheat and meat. These are her world exports and the source of her prosperity. Now the Argentine government of dictatorial President Justo decrees an embargo on the exportation of wheat and flour, and mobilizes the army's bakeries and those of the national penitentiary to keep the public supplied with bread.

The government blames the trouble on the bakers' union, representing 250 of the Buenos Aires capital's largest breadmakers. This union (against which the army is now being used as a strikebreaker) has been raising the price of loaves and reducing their size until the Staff of Life has become a rare luxury to the city masses, the bakers complaining meanwhile of the high price of flour. The Justo embargo is designed to create an abundant supply of flour at home, thus lowering costs for the bakers, and giving the needy public bread at a low figure.

Buenos Aires has 900 bakeries, all told, but their bread loaves are distributed by 15,000 retailers who resell at a profit of 40 per cent. Bakers blame not only the great wheat-raisers, but also the retailers for the high prices.

In 1920 Argentina put an embargo on wheat exports because the demands of the hungry Allies in Europe threatened a home shortage. Today, not only Europe, but also Brazil, consumes Argentine wheat. Coffee-raising Brazil is expected to suffer from the Argentine embargo.

PEOPLE of a week

ENGAGEMENT: Miss Martha Davidge, granddaughter of the late John W. Weeks, Secretary of War under Harding and Coolidge, and Mark Sullivan, Jr., son of Mark Sullivan, newspaper columnist and political authority.

Marriage—Miss Carolin Babcock, ranking United States tennis player, and Richard Salisbury Clark, New York radio manufacturer.

Resignations: Miss Josephine Roche, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of the Public Health Department personnel and welfare, to resume the presidency of the Rocky Mountain Coal Company in Colorado, which she left three years ago to accept the government post. In 1934 she campaigned unsuccessfully for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Colorado. Liberal and pro-labor, she was valuable to the New Deal and President Roosevelt accepted her resignation "with the greatest reluctance." Under the President's direction the post is being held open indefinitely.

Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, Great Britain's High Commissioner of Palestine, who has been under increasingly heavy fire in the House of Commons for his lenient policy toward the Arabs. His retirement becomes effective early next year. The move had been expected since the High Commissioner's return to London in September for medical treatment. Sir Arthur asked to be relieved, for reason of health. He is now in London, but will return to Palestine temporarily.

Birthday: Prince Kimmochi Saionji, last of the Genro or Japanese elder statesmen, his eighty-eighth, in Tokyo. The Prince, though in retirement, is still called to the palace to advise Emperor Hirohito in times of national crisis. Because of the legendary jealousy of a phantom serpent woman, the Saionjis do not marry. Instead the line is maintained by adoption. When Prince Saionji dies, an adopted son, Prince Mori, will carry on.

Deaths: Charles William Gordon, DD., 77, son of a Gaelic-speaking Scot pastor and a college-psychology-professor mother. He rose to head the Presbyterian church in Canada and to write best-selling novels (under the pen name Ralph Connor). . . . Bruce Crane, 80, American landscape painter whose works hang in leading eastern galleries. . . . Judge Francis Joseph Heney, 78, who prosecuted Mayor Schmitz and Abraham Ruef, in an internationally publicized trial at San Francisco in 1908.

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P R O — C O N

Should the Republicans hold a mid-term convention?

THE Republican party needs a strong program as of the present; no harm could possibly come of framing it now, even if conditions may create new issues by 1940. If the party is to take an aggressive stand, the sooner it comes out with a positive program, the better.

—Rochester Democrat & Chronicle

By all means let the Republican party, uniting with everyone of like mind, set about the task of formulating alternative policies, the more specific, the better. Mr. Hoover's plans for a mid-term conference look to just such an achievement.

—New York Herald Tribune

The party should not think of going into the 1940 campaign without a declaration of principles. The campaign of 1938 is quite as vital. The party must adopt a positive, forward-looking program and make it plain to the nation it intends to carry it out.

—Los Angeles Times

A national get-together some time soon would materially improve party morale and provide a rallying point for all opponents to the New Deal. The fear expressed that party members might exploit the conference to boom their personal ambitions for 1940 seems negligible, in view of the essential task of instilling the party with a new virility and courage.

—Boston Herald

It is the duty of the minority party to evolve some cogent plan to meet the hydra-headed threat to constitutional government. By what other instrument than this can there be hope of correction?

—Portland Oregonian

A mid-term conference ought to appeal to the Republican party as the soundest method of initiating a comeback.

—Dallas News

The time for the Republicans to formulate principles is before the Congressional elections of 1938 are held. If they are as sound as there is reason to believe they would be, the complexion of the next Congress, in all probability, would be profoundly affected and the party would be in a position to put itself in fighting trim again to bring the nation back to its moorings in 1940.

—Hartford Courant

When Mr. Hoover insists upon the mid-term conference, he insists upon more than a mere opposition to the New Deal as the basis for a new Republican drive ahead.

—New York Sun

Mr. Hoover's proposal should be acted on.

—Des Moines Register and Tribune

IN last September's Atlantic Monthly, *Herbert Hoover proposed a mid-term convention of the Republican Party, prior to the 1938 Congressional elections, to frame a statement of party principles. Last Friday the Republican National Committee met in Chicago to discuss the ex-President's plan.*

While Hoover was pressing his idea, John D. M. Hamilton claimed to be its original sponsor. Alf M. Landon went on the radio to reassert his party leadership, which many thought Hoover was challenging, but neither endorsed nor opposed the proposal. Senator Borah, however, opposed it, flatly.

The Hoover proposal set the nation's newspapers thundering for and against it, as this page shows.

THERE is little room for doubting that the party's leadership expects to approach 1940 with a well-padded pussyfoot. What the Republican party must do is to begin to think of the welfare of America.

—Oklahoman (Oklahoma City, Okla.)

A meeting of the proposed nature at such an early date would emphasize the differences and develop personal animosities that had much better be kept out of the campaign.

—Former Senator James E. Watson

The great objection to the convention or gathering is that it would have no authority, no authenticity behind it. Furthermore, if such views are put out as being party views, I believe a wide controversy will start at once. In fact, there would be no better way to start discord than to start such a convention.

—Senator William E. Borah

Before the national convention which Mr. Hoover proposes for next year can accomplish much, he and other leaders will need more fully and carefully to define a positive alternative to the New Deal economic philosophy. They will need to make distinctions between regulation and regimentation, and to determine honestly how much extension of federal power is necessary and how it can be achieved constitutionally.

—Christian Science Monitor

If Republican leaders are ready to agree that the time has come for the party to formulate a constructive, forward-looking program of its own, regardless of opposition to Roosevelt policies, a mid-term conference of Republicans might be worth while. Otherwise it would be a waste of time, if nothing worse.

—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press

It should not be overlooked, too, that Mr. Landon had nothing to say in his recent address about Mr. Hoover's pet idea of a Republican convention next year.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch

Mr. Hoover believes that the Republican party, as a unified opposition, should draft a definite, affirmative outline of policy. Some difference of opinion appears to exist as to whether the time is yet ripe for such a step.

—Manchester (N. H.) Union

There was a strong movement toward the Republican party in 1935, but the preconvention campaigns offered too much evidence that the old machine, the old selfishness, and the old manipulators were too strong in the party. The voters were alienated . . . it can happen again.

—Chicago Tribune

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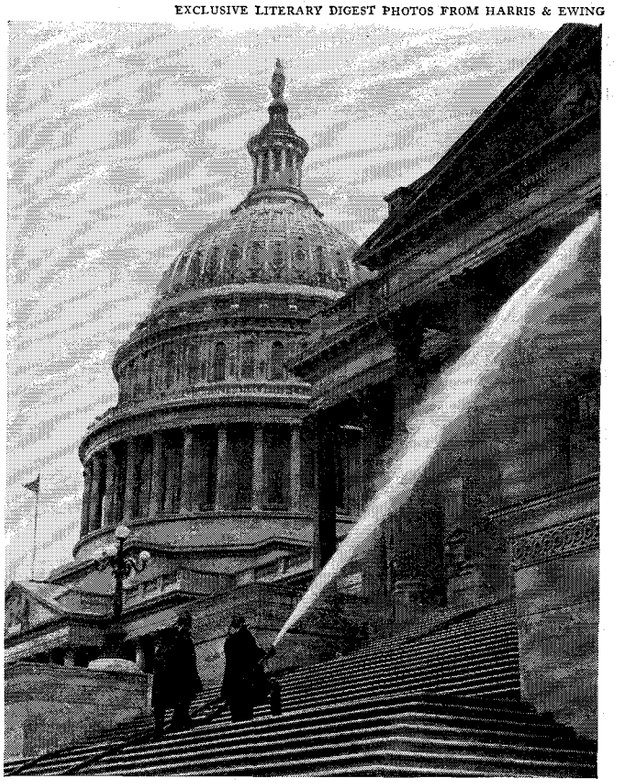
When Congress Comes to Town

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING



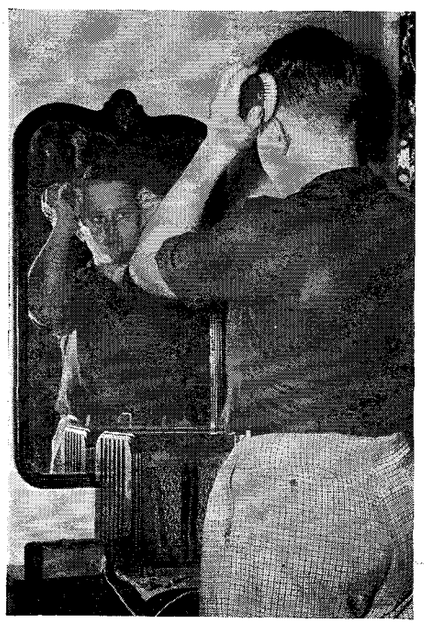
CLEAN GOVERNMENT wins in Washington, as firemen wash the Senate side of the Capitol Building

A REGULAR SESSION of Congress is nothing for the country to grow excited about. One need not be regarded as a rare event, a dreadful visitation, a phenomenon. Such sessions are a part of governmental routine. They come and go with the regularity of the seasons, and pass as inevitably as do the flowers in May or the leaves in October. They are ordained—one a year—by the Constitution itself.

But when an extraordinary session is called, such as President Roosevelt has proclaimed for November 15, a wondering country naturally senses, even if it does not immediately recognize, an emergency. We steady ourselves for a shock, maybe even an upheaval. We instinctively anticipate, and prepare for, another "crisis." Otherwise, why the call?

In the present instance, however, the emergency is not apparent. The crisis seems not to exist. We are not at war, for example, nor on the eve of war, let us hope. The Treasury is not bankrupt. The governmental machinery has not broken down at any point. No frightful wrongs can be discovered anywhere, crying out for redress. Certain businesses languish, to be sure, but they complain of an excess of legislation, not a lack of it.

Now, the forthcoming special session of Congress is truly "extraordinary." It is so because of the singular circumstances under which the call was issued. There is no demand for the session, from the standpoint of urgent public policy. The President himself does not argue that this urgency exists. He said in his recent fireside broadcast that he wanted action on a four-point program; not a new one, but an old one. Nor is he innocent enough to imagine that this action can be achieved in the six weeks before January, or the five weeks before the Christmas holidays.



PAGE BOY David Hopkins spruces up in preparation for another year in the Senate chamber

What he left unsaid, but what we in Washington have ample reason to believe, is that he ordered the reassembling of the House and Senate as a defiant gesture. It was a gesture to a Congress that had inflicted upon him the first major defeat of his Administration.

Nor was it a defeat confined to the shelving of the court-reform bill. That was smarting enough in itself. But that measure was a part of a broader program every number of which, save one, went by the board. And that one number—housing—is so crippled by amendments that it is scarcely recognizable by its authors.

That program included a new wages-and-hours bill—a revised NRA. It was stalled in the House, after being passed by the Senate.

Control of agricultural surpluses—a revised AAA—was put aside on the ground that neither the House nor the Senate had before it a suitable measure.

Reorganization of the executive departments of the government was flirted with and tinkered with; then left, an orphan, on the White House doorstep.

Conservation of natural resources through an elaborate scheme of regional planning was ignored by Congress.

And, as already stated, the court-reform bill was abandoned by its friends when they realized the futility of pressing it and allowed it to go back to the Senate Committee on Judiciary.

This shattering of his program by circumstances, some deliberately conceived, some fortuitous, incensed Mr. Roosevelt. It was made to appear that he was throttled, had lost his leadership, was at the mercy of a conservative coalition.

This could not fail to gall a Chief Executive who had been given an overwhelming vote of confidence only a year ago, one who believed he had a "mandate" that carried with it undisputed domination of the Congress. Mr. Roosevelt exposed the state of his mind upon the matter first in his Constitution Day speech. It was a speech which gave clear indication that the fight had just begun. He further exposed his attitude in his fireside broadcast explaining why he had ordered Congress to reconvene.

This second address was notice to the members of the House and Senate that he expected them to take up on November 15 exactly where they left off on August 21, when Congress adjourned. He demanded action upon four primary measures left hanging in the air.

He shrewdly omitted any mention of the fifth measure—court reform. We fully expect, however, that he will revive that at a later period, perhaps when the regular January session begins. To have revived it now would have gravely complicated his design. It would have interposed the old controversy between his general program

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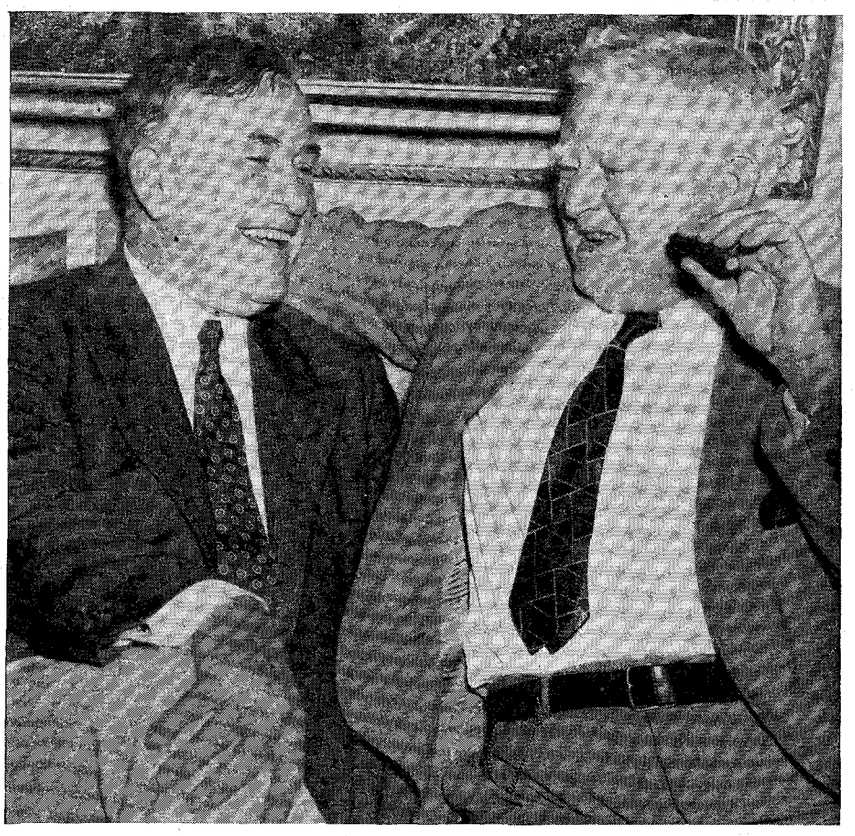

HEAD MEN of the Senate confer, as Vice President Garner discusses the outlook for the new session with Senate Majority Leader Barkley. Theirs will be the job of keeping the Democrats in line for the Second New Deal

and the quick votes necessary to give that program effect. Another log jam.

In calling the special session of Congress, the President went contrary to the advice of practically every intimate adviser he has. All but two members of the Cabinet questioned the wisdom of that call. The two exceptions were Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, and Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. And Mr. Wallace would have been just as well pleased if the call had not gone forth.

The President's purely political advisers thought it better to wait. His congressional counselors were somewhat divided, but those other counselors whom he consults regarding business conditions were a unit in urging that it would be unfortunate to take a step that would further unsettle economic conditions. Whether or not it was a case of cause and effect, the fact is that the proclamation was followed by a series of violent breaks in both the security and commodity markets.

But the President's impatience to renew the battle with his congressional opposition prevailed. He would not be turned aside. He may have remained in some doubt as to his course until he went trouping across the continent. When he returned from that tour, however, with the applause of multitudes ringing in his ears and conscious that he had suffered no loss of popular support, he acted.

What will come of the extra session, now that it has been ordered, is a wide-open guess. It seems unlikely to practical observers of parliamentary processes that more than one of the pending major measures can be enacted unless the earlier opposition completely collapses.

It is quite possible that wages-and-hours legislation which hung up in the House, after passing the Senate, may be pushed through before the Christmas holidays. The vote to pass it, once it is brought to an issue, seems to be at hand. Such a vote was conceded when the August adjournment came, but a special rule for its consideration was blocked. That rule cannot be indefinitely denied, if the wages-and-hours majority does in fact exist.

There is no promise, on the other hand, that farm legislation, regional conservation, or executive reorganization—one or all—can be disposed of in the six weeks before the January session begins. And the same is true of antitrust-law revision, which the President mentions as a sort of postscript to his program.

The House might easily pass a crop-control bill, if one is presented, as one will be. But the Senate is counted upon to hold back until its own Committee on Agriculture can write a measure that will do more, as Chairman E. D. Smith of the Committee on Agriculture puts it, than "merely fool the 'rube' again."

Executive reorganization has been nibbled at in Congress and minor piecemeal legislation has resulted from the protracted hearings of last session's joint committee. There the matter rests, with deep distrust in many quarters against the proposal to extend the power of the Executive over the independent and semi-judicial agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Civil Service Commission and the Maritime Commission.

"Spade work" has been done on revision of the antitrust laws by the Department of Justice. Neither the House nor Senate Judiciary Committee, however, has turned a hand in that direction. All that Congress has before it on regional conservation is a stack of Administration reports and recommendations.

So much for the "program," as the special session faces it.

There is a long list of secondary measures, it should be stated, with which Congress may find itself engaged while waiting for something more important to do.

For example, the last session of the Senate, but not the House, passed measure after measure. Among them were:

The Wheeler-Johnson separate child-labor bill.

A bill forbidding the picketing of embassies and legations in Washington.

Another to strengthen the ban on interstate transportation of strikebreakers.

Crop insurance, applying, however, only to wheat.

Revision of the Food and Drug Control Act.

A sweeping bill for safety at sea.

McCarran seventy-car freight-train bill.

A resolution condemning sit-downs.

The foregoing list is matched by another series of measures which the

Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, former Secretary of Labor, unpacks his bag of tricks

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NEW DEAL stalwart, Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana, World War captain, with Mrs. Minton

VIGOROUS Maury Maverick, "unbranded steer" from Texas, plans his part in the new session

House, but not the Senate, passed. In that list we find:

Two piecemeal executive reorganization bills.

A bill to put presidential postmasters under the Civil Service.

The anti-lynching bill.

A judicial good-behavior bill.

Revision of the bankruptcy laws.

Regulation of natural gas in interstate commerce.

Repeal of the long-and-short-haul clause in the Transportation Act.

Repeal of the corporate salary publicity act.

Also there is a third list of measures before House and Senate Committees, none of which has been brought to a vote in either body. This list includes:

The Supreme Court reorganization bill.

Amendments to the Neutrality Act.

SEC program for revamping the Corporate Reorganization Act.

Amendments to the Social Security Act.

Amendments to the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

The McCarran bill providing for transfer of aircraft regulation to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The parliamentary status of none of the measures in the three lists just mentioned was in any sense changed by the August adjournment of Congress. Change of status comes only at the end of a Congress. And the present, or Seventy-fifth Congress, continues, whether in session or in recess, until January, 1939. In other words, any one or all of the measures now pending may be taken up, in the special session or in the regular session which is to follow, with reintroduction or repassage by either house.

One other legislative project will be laid in the lap of Congress by the Administration when that body reconvenes in November. Not in expectation that it will be acted upon for months, but in order that preliminary consideration of it may be given by committees.

This will be the Treasury's proposal for a revision of the federal tax structure. And manifestly it will hold an interest for more individuals, perhaps, than any other legislation.

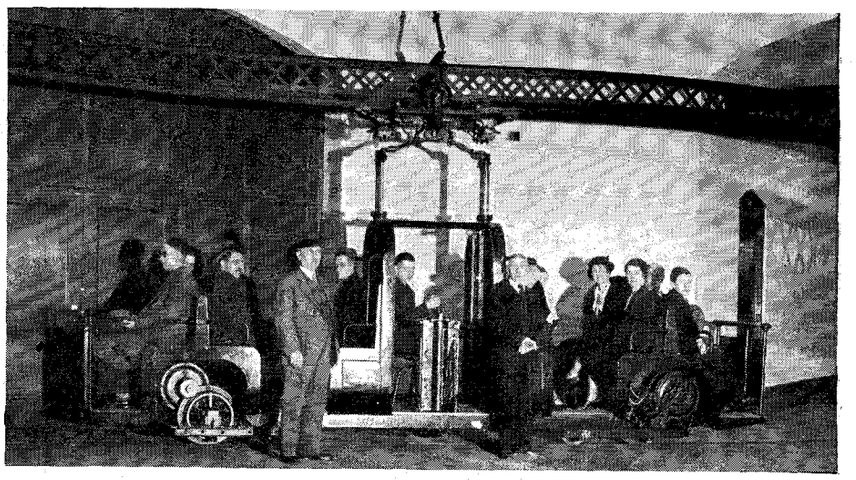
The existing tax structure has come into being through successive levies over a number of years. To say it is a hodgepodge is to indulge in no exaggeration. And to say that it is inequitable and unduly burdensome upon many classes of taxpayers is even less than exaggeration. Also it is susceptible to evasion so flagrant that the recent session of Congress passed a bill closing some loopholes without waiting for a general revision.

It would be perilous to predict the lines of overhauling which the Administration will propose. But this much seems certain: The corporate surplus tax will be rewritten. Further loopholes will be plugged. The base of individual income taxation will be somewhat broadened. And the capital profits and loss method of arriving at deductions may be changed.

There is a fiction abroad that members of the House and Senate resent being called into special session this autumn, thereby cutting their loafing period in half. Many of the leaders opposed the call, but they did it for strategic reasons. As for the rank and file, it is a safe guess that 95 per cent of them would prefer to be in Washington rather than at home.

Then too, there is the small but not trivial matter of mileage. Each member of the House and Senate is entitled to 20 cents a mile travel expenses to attend a session, special or regular. This means that each will draw double mileage, once in November and again in January, whether or not a second trip is made.

—J. Frederick Essary



TOY RAILROAD, world's shortest, runs from the Senate Office Building to the Capitol, keeps the Honorables' feet out of mud puddles

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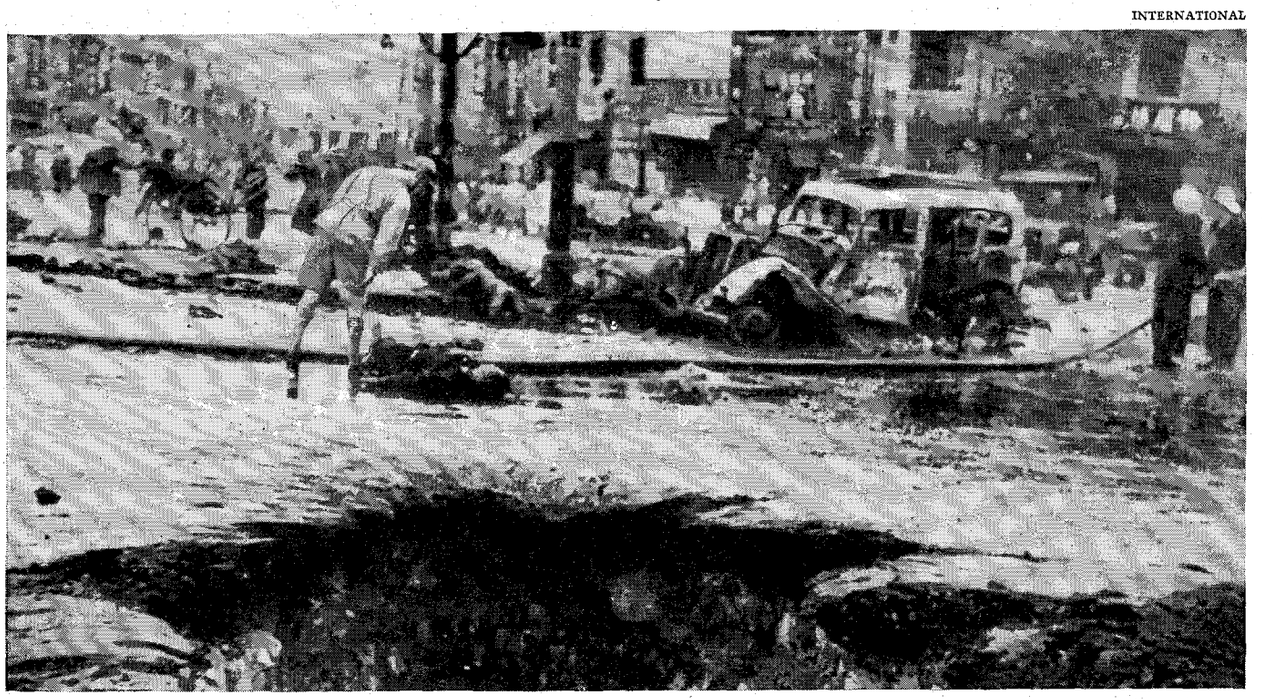
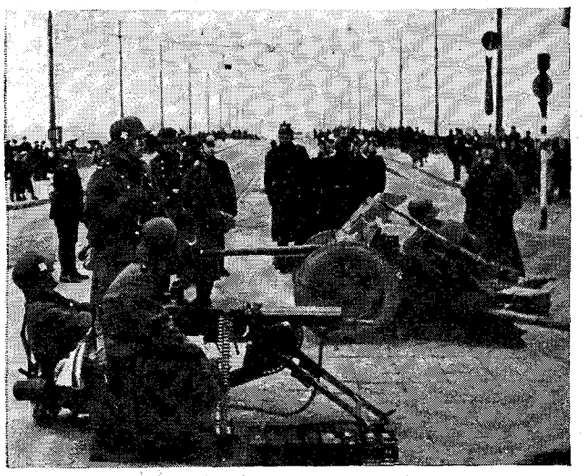
INTERNATIONAL



NINETEEN YEARS AFTER: Japan wages her "war to end wars" in China. A jittery world wonders whether this Shanghai scene will be a mere prelude to the carnage of another World War

WIDE WORLD



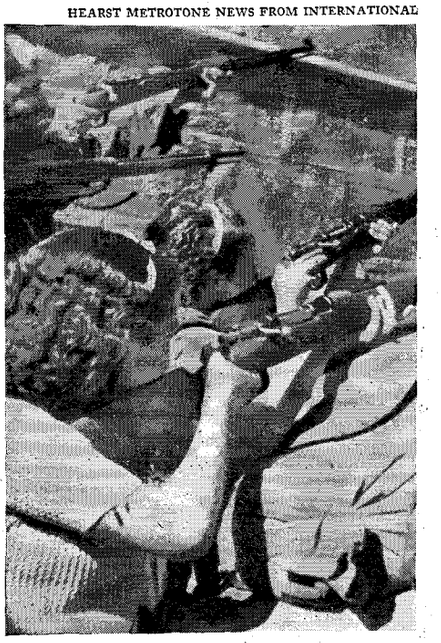
"War to End

HITLER INVADES the Rhineland in 1935, thus defying the Treaty of Versailles and returning Germany to her "Watch on the Rhine." France stared but did not move

EUROPEAN

SWAN SONG of the League of Nations: Italy conquers Ethiopia in the face of the League's economic sanctions and the British navy

HEARST METROTONE NEWS FROM INTERNATIONAL



WOMEN PLAY A NEW ROLE in war. Wielding guns instead of brooms, loyalist Spain's senoritas are at home behind the barricades, as the civil war becomes an international crisis

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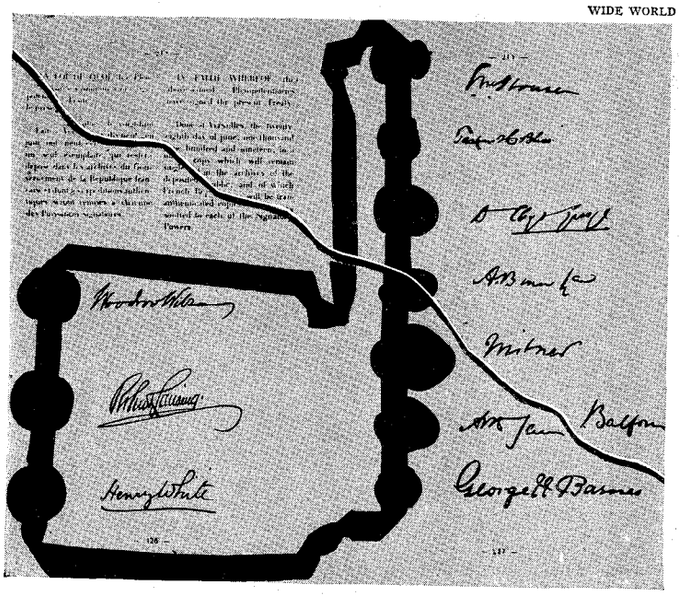
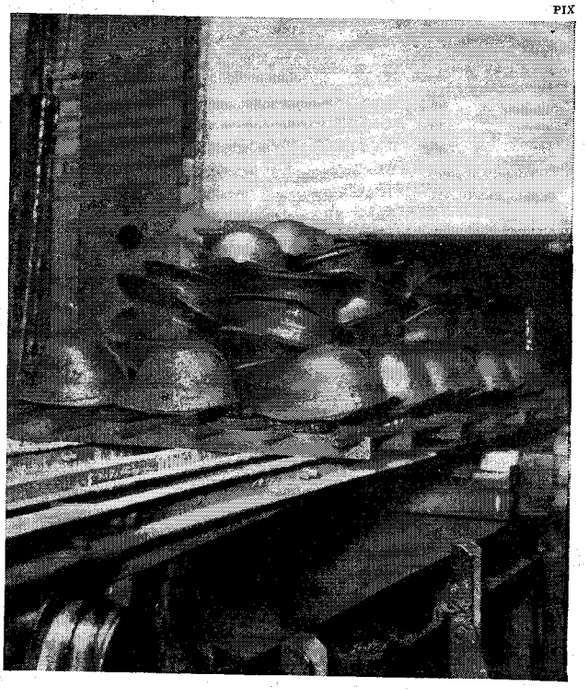
WIDE WORLD



SCRAP OF PAPER: the Treaty of Versailles, signed between the victorious Allies and a vanquished Germany in 1919, is now an historic document, not a living fact. Since Hitler's rise to power in 1933, the Treaty's clauses have been destroyed one by one. Likewise, the treaties signed between the Allies and Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria have been scrapped as those nations now rearm

NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND, home of the League of Nations and other international peace organizations, prepares for war with another batch of steel helmets

PIX



Wars"

ARMISTICE DAY is celebrated this week to the tune of booming guns in Spain and China. Since "the war to end wars," nineteen years ago, there have been nine international, six civil, and two colonial wars, fought on three continents, by the white, black and yellow races.

Instead of a world "safe for democracy," there is communism in Russia, fascism in Italy, nazi-ism in Germany, and a wave of anti-democratic dictatorships in the smaller countries.

Instead of one International, creating world unrest, there are now two militant Internationals—Fascist and Communist.

Instead of disarmament, there is rearmament. In Europe, 50,000,000 men are ready to march at a moment's notice.

Instead of the Peace Treaties, there are scraps of paper. Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria have rent their treaties asunder by rearming.

Attempts to secure peace through international agreements have not been successful. Japan, Germany, and Italy have defied the League of Nations. The Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war has gone up in smoke.

Heading toward another Armageddon, and rearming in haste, the world hopes for the best, but prepares for the worst.

WIDE WORLD

SOCIAL UNREST also disturbs the post-war world. France, though a victor in the last war, is split today by warring factions of the right and left. Here Paris police battle fascist demonstrators after a ceremony by World War veterans

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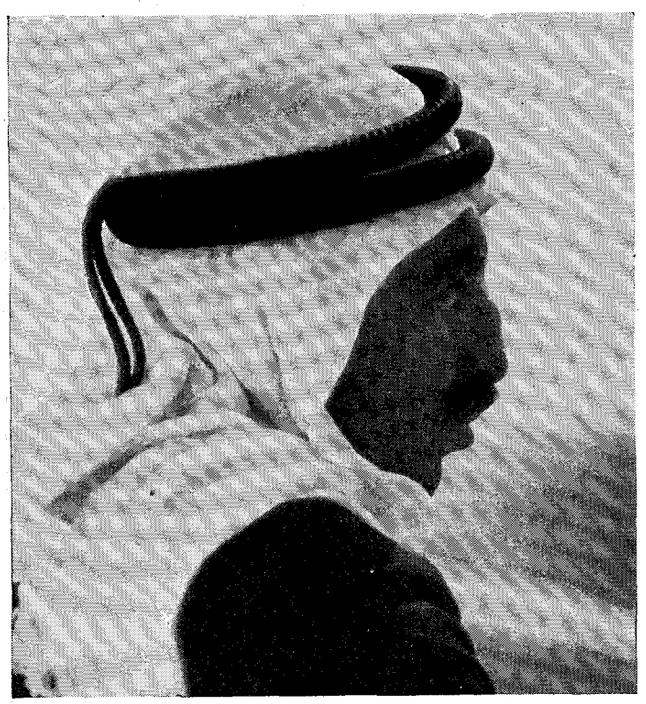
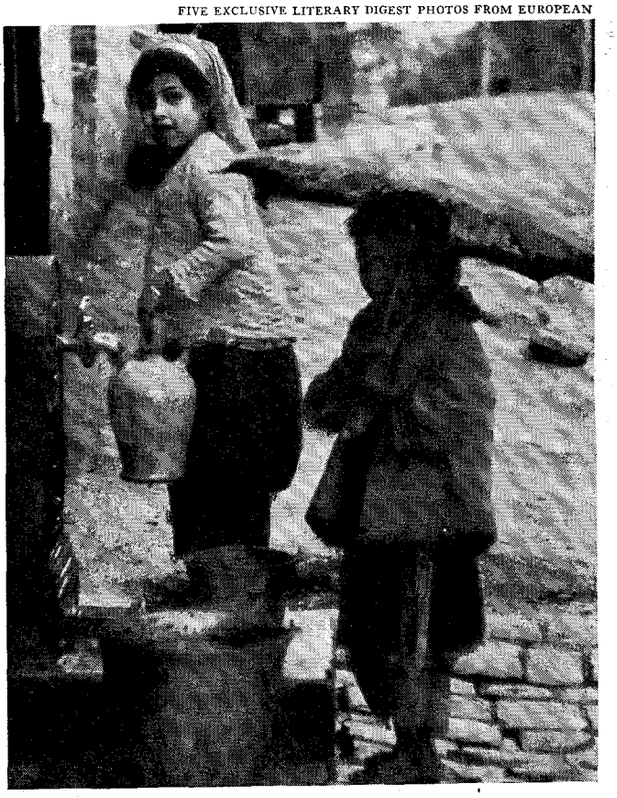
Two Peoples

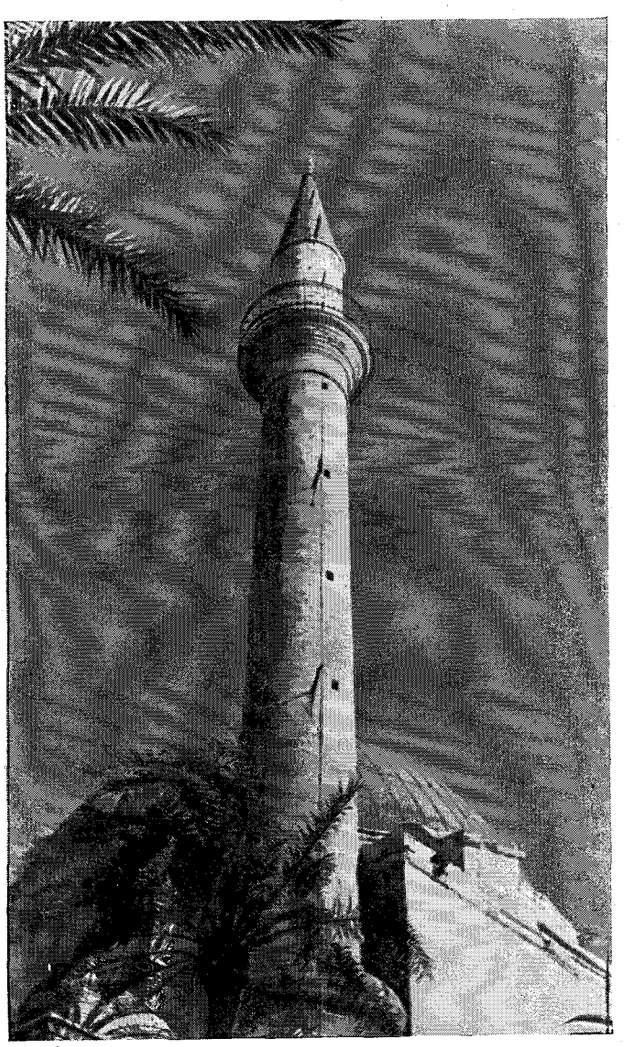
FIVE EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN





PALESTINE means home to the Arabs. Usually quiet, but now in uproar as extremists fight British and Jews

ARABS make lasting friends—and lasting enemies. "With conscious pride," says an old Arab poem, "I view the band of faithful friends that round me stand"



MOSQUES, ALLAH, AND MOHAMMED are to Arabs what temples, Jehovah, and Moses are to Jews. Regarding each other as infidels, they live side by side

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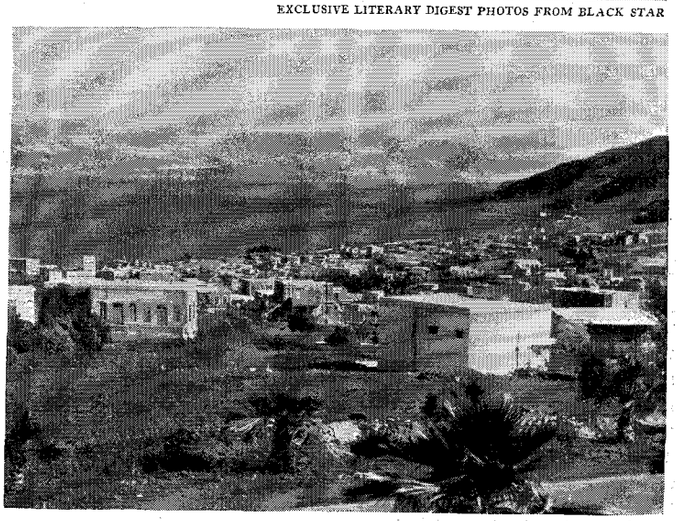
—One Land

PALESTINE means home to Zionist Jews. Moses "*promised*" it to the Jews in Biblical days; England's Lord Balfour in 1915. Now Britain plans to keep a small, strategic strip of the Holy Land herself, but divide the rest between Arab and Jew

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR



WHERE JESUS WALKED on the Sea of Galilee: Tiberias, which will become part of the proposed new Jewish State. Nazareth will also belong to the Jews, but Jerusalem and Bethlehem will continue under British mandate and High Commissioner

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD

TOMORROW'S JEWS will have most of the wealthy, commercial coastal area on the Mediterranean, if the proposed British plan of partition goes through for the Holy Land

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FIVE THOUSAND well known names are classified at Liebling's theatrical agency

Stage-Struck

LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY ROBIN CARSON

DESPITE its vast size and powerful appeal, Hollywood has not succeeded wholly in dimming the prestige of Broadway in the eyes of the stage-struck. To see her name in electric lights on that historic street is still the dream enshrined in the heart of the pretty girl who made a hit when the High School put on *Hay Fever* last spring. And "a run on Broadway" is a theme song that runs through the blond head of the handsome sophomore whose tenor voice and nimble feet cause havoc among the girls of the village.

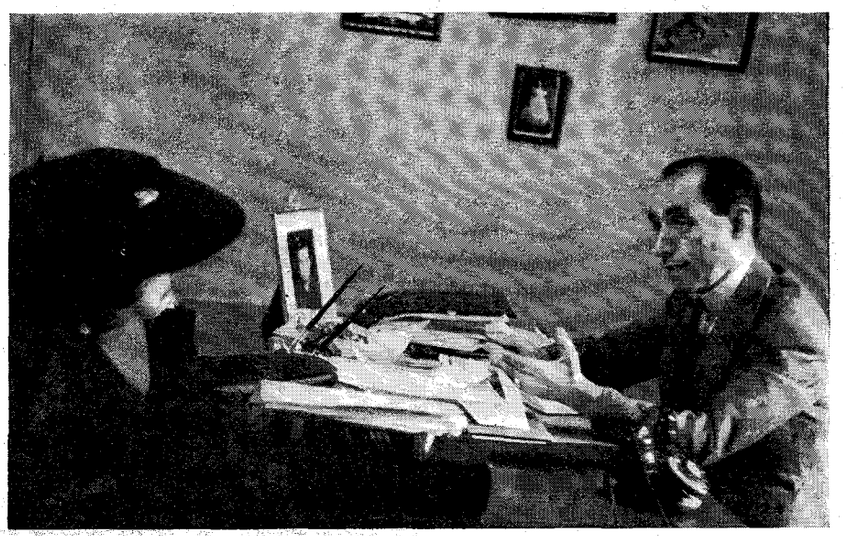
The same idea animates the members of "the profession" itself. From ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble right up to stars, the Broadway season is the serious business of the year. Summer stock is all very well: it means a steady salary (for which an inordinate amount of work is rendered), and there is always the chance of being seen by a big producer on vacation or on a scouting expedition.

But it is the obscure notice in the daily papers, unseen by the majority of the reading public, announcing that the first play of the season is being cast, that quickens the pulse of the seasoned trouper and causes the packing of thousands of theatrical trunks. For it is the Broadway season with its possible hits that offers the real opportunities.

What are they? What is likely to happen to our friend, the pretty girl from the school play, when she packs her bags and comes to New York? First of all, she will have plenty of competition. From the movie lots in Hollywood, from stock companies, from little theaters, from dramatic schools, they've been pouring in to New York for several weeks—leading men and leading ladies, ingenues and juveniles, types and characters, stars in the making, stars on the wane.

Will there be jobs for all of them? The figures are deceiving, for while 3300 of the 4500 actors and actresses who are members of the Actors' Equity were employed last year, you may be sure they were not employed the whole year. The length of a play's run is highly problematical. It may run the entire season. It may close after the second night. The average life of last year's plays was seven and a half weeks.

How does the newcomer look for a job? She must take her chances with the veterans, and haunt the theatrical agencies. The more important of these are hedged about with certain restrictions. A letter of introduction is necessary to get inside the doors of Briscoe and Goldsmith, for example. And William Liebling, with a casting record of such hits as *The Women* and *You Can't Take It With You,* has at the same time in his files the names of some five thousand actors and actresses already known in the



PERSONAL interview with William Liebling is highly flattering and indicates that an important part is under discussion

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STARS confer as Tallulah Bankhead and Conway Tearle go over script of forthcoming revival of *Antony and Cleopatra*

DIRECTOR Worthington Miner smiles despite the delayed debut of *Father Malachy's Miracle*

theater—a formidable array for the novice to compete with.

However, there is always the long chance that new talent may be spotted by the canny agent and lifted suddenly to fame. Miss Olga Lee, for instance, in Murray Phillips' office, has the rare gift of sensing possibilities in an untrained but hopeful youngster. She is mercifully outspoken in discouraging obvious lack of fitness; but she will tell of the time when one girl, whose only recommendation was a desire to be an actress, was cast for the ingenue in *Her Majesty the Widow* and made an immediate success.

Let us suppose our mythical beginner has luck on her side and lands a small part. Needless to say, she is radiantly happy, convinced that her feet are firmly planted on the ladder. She is pretty sure, too, that it won't be such a slow climb. What if the role is tiny—didn't the then unknown Katharine Hepburn do a bit in *Art and Mrs. Bottle* so brilliantly that she was signed up for the lead in *The Warrior's Husband?*

THE GIRL may get $35 a week. Equity rules that $25 is the minimum for actors with less than two years' experience, and $40 is the minimum for those with two years or more to their credit. From this must be subtracted the agent's commission (assuming, of course, that the job came through a theatrical agency). This commission at one of the best known agencies amounts to 5 per cent for ten weeks of salaries of $125 a week or less, and 5 per cent for the run of the play for higher salaries. During hard times the producers stick pretty close to the minimum, but on the average salaries range from $35 to $40 for the less experienced and from $60 to $70 for the more experienced. This does not apply to the stars whose weekly checks may carry four or five figures, nor to featured players, and even small roles that are considered important often carry salaries that are disproportionate to the actual size of the part. There are instances where $150 weekly has been paid to actors who were exactly right for walk-on parts. However, despite the relatively high salaries paid in the theater, the time element is so uncertain that average incomes range between $1500 and $4500 (an income level that approximates that of college professors), and even a star who rates a dazzling salary may be out of work—"resting"—for a year or more.

It may be that our heroine, having a flair for dancing, an attractive figure, and a fair voice, decides to break into a theatrical career via the chorus. Her salary would be approximately the same as for a "bit" in a play. An actuary might figure her chances of rising to prominence as 1 to 50 if she's in Hollywood, or 1 to 100 in New York. Even so, a fair percentage of stellar names have risen from the ranks of the chorus—Fannie Brice,

SMALL-TIME artists furnish dance teams, sister acts, torch singers, etc.

CHORUS girls (the ones who sing and dance) and show girls (the stately ones who stroll) will be selected from this comely line-up for a Shubert musical show

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CHARACTER women above hope for a role that will bring $80 a week and a long run. Blues singer, right, wants a night-club job

Ina Claire, Miriam Hopkins, Virginia Bruce, Toby Wing, and Nancy Carroll, to mention only a few.

Then there is the great periphery of entertainment outside the legitimate stage, where beginners may try their wings and to which the seasoned player may resort between engagements. This zone includes such diversified and unrelated classifications as night clubs, roadhouse floor shows, radio, industrial movies, etc. Here the salaries vary from $2 a night for a singing waiter to $50 a week for a popular torch singer, and here again, featured performers in exclusive night clubs get salaries that are in the upper reaches. The season for the true "small-time" entertainers is not confined to two or three months, but as the sister acts and singing waiters return from the summer resorts to near-by night clubs, taverns, and roadhouses, "bookings" are heavier in the fall months.

In any discussion of the theater there is bound to be a good deal of talk about the breaks, pull, and talent. It wouldn't do our heroine a particle of harm to hear what Fannie Brice has to say: "There is no such thing as 'luck' or 'breaks' in the theater. If a chorus girl wants to get some place, she's got to work plenty hard to do it." So speaks a graduate of the chorus in Hurtig and Seamon's old burlesque. "I've seen people with 90 per cent talent and 10 per cent intelligence fail to reach first base," Miss Brice continues. "On the other hand, I've seen people with 10 per cent talent and 90 per cent intelligence hit the lights and salary." —*Robin Carson*

TYPES must wait for parts that fit

FATHER-IN-LAW or business man part might be played by the gentleman below

SLAVE GIRLS for *Antony and Cleopatra* are being selected by Chamberlain Brown, a theatrical agency famous for its skilful handling of crowds

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Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print

FIGHT FOR HEALTH

from "How Fare American Youth?"

REGULAR examinations by doctors and dentists, with resultant action by patients, it is estimated, would reduce American health disasters by 75 per cent. Examinations, however, must be thorough, not perfunctory, and should be followed by remedial measures. While many schools and colleges now give physical examinations, the majority of youth do not yet receive any thorough inspection. Even those who do frequently fail to receive the medical attention which might remedy the discovered defects.

It is not only against the major diseases that the fight must be carried on, but also against the minor ailments that flesh is heir to. These handicaps undermine health eventually, and seriously limit educational and vocational opportunities. Young and old are retarded by minor troubles. Of the schoolchildren examined in six cities not long ago, 33 per cent had diseased tonsils, 34 per cent defective vision, and over 50 per cent decayed teeth. Of industrial workers, another study showed over 70 per cent had nose or throat troubles, 40 per cent defective sight or hearing, and 60 per cent dental caries. Of 100,000 young men examined by the Life Extension Institute, more than 75 per cent had some specific defect. For the thousands suffering from these ailments, many more thousands are affected daily by common colds, headaches, rheumatism, and other ills, many of which can be traced to the so-called minor defects.

While there can be honest differences of opinion over the validity of these statistics, and the variables affecting examinations and subsequent interpretation, all will agree that there is an appalling loss of efficiency and tremendous cost financially because the public is not properly informed about minor ills and persuaded to do more to escape them. Some of these physical handicaps can be prevented by the application of information now available; others can be cured or reduced by short periods of treatment or simple operations. But people continue to suffer needlessly because they disregard the common laws of health.—*Homer P. Rainey and others* (D. Appleton-Century Co., $1.50)

SPORTSMANSHIP DE LUXE

from "West Point Today"

ONCE a year the West Point hockey team stages, in collaboration with the hockey team of the Royal Military College of Canada, a demonstration of sportsmanship *de luxe* that is a veritable *tour de force* in international amity. It reveals a peek into the millennium.

When the sixteen scarlet-clad gentlemen-cadet hockey players from Canada arrive at West Point for their game, they are met by the sixteen gray-clad members of the West Point squad. They immediately pair off according to the positions they play on the team. The goalie of the home team, for example, draws the goalie of the visiting team; the center of West Point takes the center of the visitors under his wing; the third-string left defense draws the player who fills the corresponding position on the Canadian squad. From that moment each West Pointer becomes the special and particular host of the gentleman-cadet who is his personal opponent on the team. During the period of the visit these pairs are inseparable.

Each host escorts his guest to his own quarters and assigns to him the bed and the locker vacated for the occasion by the obliging cadet "wife." Each guest accompanies his sponsor to classes and sits in the seat beside him during recitations; he occupies the chair next to his in the dining hall. To outward appearances the visitors become incorporated into the Corps.

And as a special act of courtesy, the guests are accorded the privilege—reserved for the gentlemen-cadets alone—of leading the companies and platoons of the Corps into the mess hall.

When the West Point team plays at Kingston, these same courtesies are extended to the visitors in return. If you ever visit the Royal Military College along in February or March and see the corps of smart gentlemen-cadets in the flaming uniforms of His Majesty's service being marched to meals by young gentlemen in gray uniforms, do not mistake these section leaders for cadet officers. They are merely members of the West Point hockey squad who have just come to town and who are being accorded honors for the day and date only. Like the lovers of Cleopatra, they are being flattered and feasted and given their day of glory before being led to slaughter.

Unlike the common variety of college, neither West Point nor its Canadian counterpart makes any provision for extending leaves of absence to cadet rooters who want to accompany the home team on its out-of-town trips. Consequently, the only gentlemen-cadets playing at West Point who might be in a position to cheer along the visiting team with Canadian songs,

THIS WEEK

Fight for Health	*How Fare American Youth?*
Sportsmanship De Luxe	*West Point Today*
Musical Madcaps	*Men, Women and Tenors*
Peyote Cult	*Nature Magazine*
Fishing with Spears	*African Gamble*
Going Insane	*Mania*
"Bone-Promise"	*Avondpost, The Hague*
Fastest Insect	*Natural History*
Reshingling a Roof	*The Towers of New York*
Fit to Marry	*Good Housekeeping*
Opium on Wings	*Nemzeti Ujsag, Budapest*
Auroras	*Exploring the Heavens*
The Executioner's Bill	*Christopher Marlowe*
Tanks and Generals	*Business Week*

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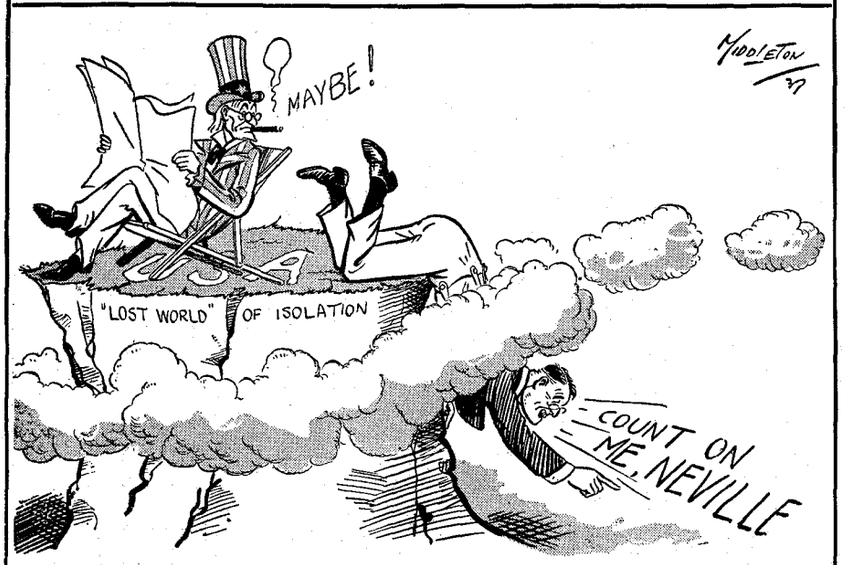
Cartoon of the Week



Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, hears a voice from the clouds.—*Birmingham Gazette, England*

cheers, yells and other vocal forms of undergraduate encouragement, are the gentlemen-cadets who are on the players' bench, and upon them both modesty and other practical considerations have imposed the rule of silence.

To remedy this unhappy condition, the West Point hosts divide themselves into two equal groups several days before the game is played. One group is designated to root for the home team, according to its accustomed practice; the second group is delegated to root for the gentlemen-cadet guests. To carry out this purpose with military proficiency and zeal, this second group rehearses the songs and yells of the Royal Military College until it becomes as capable a band of welkin-ringers as the gentlemen-cadets whom they are representing for the occasion and for whom they are pinch-hitting as a cheering section *in absentia*. Indeed, it has become a point of honor to make even more noises and better noises, and to make them oftener than does the band of West Pointers across the rink. In attaining this complimentary objective it has received the considerable coöperation of the visiting hockey players, who have acquired the habit of outscoring the West Pointers, and thereby presenting their *pro tem* adherents with ample opportunities to accomplish their mission.

When the game is played in Kingston, the same procedure is followed, with the positions of the hosts and guests merely reversed. Altogether this hockey classic has become as colorful, as sporty and as improbable a game as can be found anywhere. Whichever corps acts as host at least has the satisfaction of knowing that half of its members have backed the winning team.

And the trophy? Oh, yes! We almost forgot about it. Apparently it has slipped the minds of the hockey teams, too. It still remains in the possession of the team that has never won it. Its inscription states that the cup was put up February 23, 1923, by the Royal Military College of Canada, to be awarded annually for possession during the year, to the winner of the hockey game with West Point. That the donors have won every contest since (with the exception of one memorable tie game) is just one more proof that the arrows of outrageous fortune are indeed barbed.

Yet the cup has remained in the physical possession of the vanquished—which is in itself a commentary on the fine consideration which the rivals entertain for each other.—*Kendall Banning* (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.50)

MUSICAL MADCAPS

from "Men, Women and Tenors"

When funny things, accidents, absurd mistakes, happened to me on the stage, it seemed as though they always happened during a performance of *Boheme*.

Caruso was in one of his mischief-making moods. We had a lot of fun going over on the train, but I thought all the practical jokes were over until I made my first stage entrance.

To my surprise and mirth, the three men on the stage, Caruso, Scotti and de Segurola, turned round toward me. In the left eye each wore a trick monocle.

That was only the beginning. Later, as I bent to the fire to warm myself, someone backstage (Scotti, I think) squirted soda water from a siphon into my face. In the cafe scene, Freddy Bull suddenly appeared, made up as a waiter. The snow scene came, and from aloft came the stage snowflakes, but along with them bits of string, paper, buttons, nails.

Zingo! they hit the top of my bonnet. The whole performance had gone completely haywire.

De Segurola lifted his top hat from the table to put it on, and found it filled with flour that powdered his wig and shoulders. A glass supposed to hold water turned out to be filled with ink. We were all of us hysterical by the time we came to the final scene—Mimi's deathbed.

To my horror, I found that the practical jokers had removed two of the bed's casters, so that it shook and wobbled at every movement I made and threatened to fall apart. And I am a fairly substantial person. I managed to "die," but the craziness of the whole performance was too much for me. I began to shake with hysterical laughter. And to shake the bed. Mimi simply couldn't stay dead till the curtain fell, I had to roll over, turn my back to the audience, and stifle my laughter in the bedclothes.

The management fined each of us one hundred dollars for that evening's roughhouse.—*Frances Alda* (Houghton Mifflin Co., $3.50)

PEYOTE CULT

from "Nature Magazine"

Peyote, the central figure in the "new" Indian religion, is a small, grayish green, spineless cactus. It is found growing on both banks of the Rio Grande. The crowns, cut off and dried, form small disks called "mescal buttons." It is in this form that the narcotic is eaten for the intoxication that results.

Peyote contains from four to seven remarkable alkaloids, one of which is capable of causing colored hallucinations. With eyes closed, the fortunate worshiper may, for hours, enjoy a kaleidoscopic play of the most indescribably beautiful visions of geometric figures and familiar things on a background of constantly changing colors, so exquisitely rich as to seem supernatural.

It is easy to understand, then, how such a powerful plant could be regarded as a "messenger" capable of putting the individual in communication with the gods without the medium of a priest, for peyote is believed by members of the cult to perform such a function.

Intoxication from peyote is singular in that consciousness is never lost, control of the limbs is maintained, a feeling of well-being is experienced, no urge to commit any act of violence is induced, and rarely are there uncomfortable after-effects. The question as to whether peyote is habit-forming is still unsettled, but observations tend to suggest that it is not. It is not used habitually by the Indians.

Among the Tarahumares, peyote wor-

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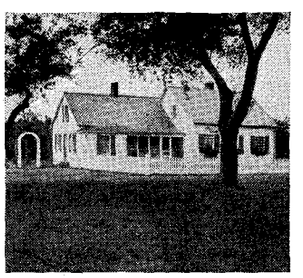

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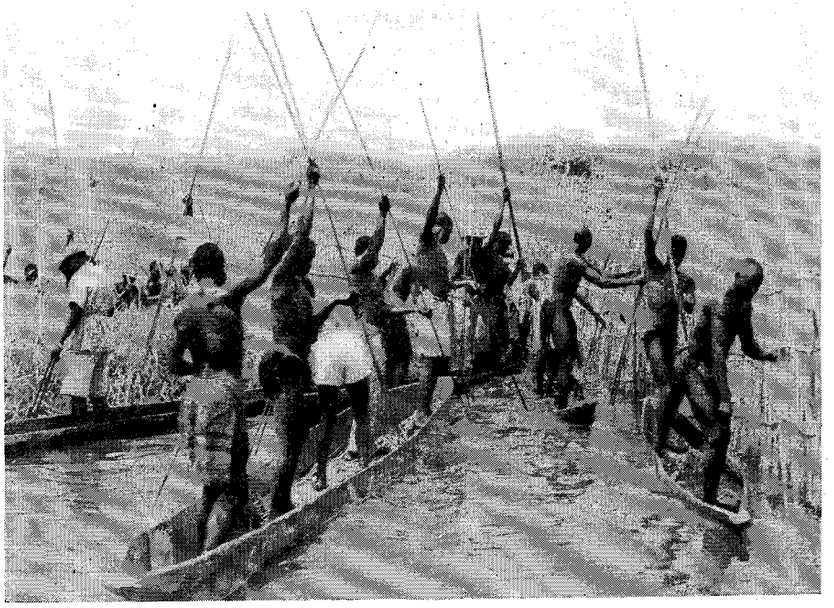

BAROTSE NATIVES screen off a section of the blue Zambesi and hurl their spears until they strike a fish. Hundreds are caught this way. (*African Gamble*, Putnam, $3.00)

ship consists of an all-night dance at which a decoction of peyote is drunk.

Around 1880, the Mescaleros brought peyote to the Kiowas and Comanches from Mexico. The cult was accepted and molded into a ceremony suitable to Plains culture. Christian elements, blended with the aboriginal, made it a cult well suited to the changing life of the Indian. This, with the great medicinal attributes of peyote, paved the way for rapid spread to more than thirty tribes.

In some tribes, the Bible is used, interpreted in terms of the peyote religion. Brotherly love is a teaching of the cult; acceptance of what is good in both cultures and reverence for Indian tradition are its most characteristic features. Many believe that the religion is a manifestation of resignation to encroaching white culture, and that the part that this small plant has had in helping to satisfy and reorient the Indian has not yet been fully realized.

Despite fierce opposition from missionary groups, the peyote cult, in Oklahoma, has been organized into a chartered sect—the Native American Church. The latest figures (1922) indicate that about 13,500 Indians participated in the peyote ceremony; the number, however, must be greater now.—*Richard Evans Schultes*

FISHING WITH SPEARS

from "African Gamble"

IN THE morning we set off for Nalolo, to be met by a long-faced, scowling individual in visored cap, gray jacket and kilt. With a sweep of his cap and a fancy bow, the ruffian stepped in front of us. "The queen is in her palace," he boomed. "The prince consort is at the river getting ready for the fishing. I am the queen's secretary." Shades of Victoria and Albert! The prince consort was truly at the river, and after the inevitable waits and stalls, word came from the palace that all was ready and we too might go. The "queen" would see us after the fishing, so we turned toward the river a half mile away.

Whole villages were out for the fish drive, looking, to be honest, like a colored Methodist picnic on the river. Dugouts were lining up, upstream, filled with spearmen, all of them dressed in their "Sunday best." Clothes, clothes, clothes! The natives in any capital were always dressing up for our pictures and I went to Ishikwandu, the prince consort, for help. "Tell them to take off their shirts," I pleaded. "We don't want a picture full of ragged old shirts." He shook his head doubtfully. "The chiefs won't want to take off their clothes," he told me. "They don't want to look like Mawikwa back in the bush."

It took what tact I could muster to press my point. He and the "queen's" secretary, I knew, would not take off their badges of civilization, but he might make the others do so. He was successful to a degree. The headmen refused to shed their shirts, but they made all the underlings strip. But finally all were sufficiently undressed, some kind of organization seemed to be taking place, and Ishikwandu told us all was ready.

A section of the river had been screened off with a reed fence, and into this enclosure the fleet would drive the fish, then spear them. The line of dugouts got under way, two paddlers to a dugout, three or four spearmen. Ahead of them some old men on shore and in two other dugouts dragged the river with huge heavy nets. A mob of youngsters lined the shore, cheering on the fishing fleet, throwing their spears into the reeds to scare the fish.

Slowly the line of boats reached the enclosure, all fish supposedly ahead of them; as a matter of fact, I saw one fish jump over the fence. The upstream fence was erected, the dugouts slid through the narrow opening left for them, and the spearing began.

The system was to throw spears blindly into the water and reeds until they hit a fish, and, marvelously enough, they speared hundreds.

Two crocodiles, the boys told me, were lurking in the heavy grass that bordered the river. I hoped they might cause some excitement, but crocodiles are sly creatures. With that mob around they must have slid off through the grass, for no boy was bitten or frightened, which was too bad for the picture we were making.

Hours went by in the blazing sun while the fishing fleet was at work, but at last we had everything that could be taken and we started back to camp.—*Margaret Carson Hubbard* (Putnam, $3.00)

GOING INSANE

from "Mania"

SEATED on a steamer chair on the boardwalk of Coney Island, I heard the voice for the first time. It was, I remember distinctly, a rough, deep bass voice that did not belong to my brother, who was sitting quietly in the chair next to mine, nor to the middle-aged gentleman with whom I'd just picked up a talking acquaintance.

It was a voice without any body at all. But it was as positive and persistent as any voice I had ever heard. It said slowly, "Jayson, you are worthless. You've never been useful, and you've never been any good."

I shook my head, unbelievingly, trying to drive out the sound of the words, and as if I had heard nothing, continued to talk with my neighbor.

"You know," I said to him, in what I tried to make an offhand manner, "it's a funny thing how many prescriptions you can get from people about curing the blues and how little any of them help. I've been to half a dozen doctors, mental healers, neurologists. What all of them have said could be boiled down to the advice to snap out of it. But not one of them could tell me how. Not one of them."

He was nodding sympathetically, when suddenly, clearer, deeper, and even louder than before, the deep voice came at me again, right in my ear this time, and getting me tight and shivery inside.

"Larry Jayson, I told you before, you weren't any good. Why are you sitting here making believe you're as good as anyone else when you're not? Whom are you fooling?"

The sounds were so clear and so loud, I knew that pretty soon the people next to me would hear them. So I got up and started walking slowly away, down the stairs of the boardwalk to the stretch of sand below, waiting for the voice to come back, and wondering whether it would

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show itself with its body this time or just the same as before.

"You're no good," the voice said slowly, in the same deep tones. "You've never been any good or use on earth. There is the ocean. You might as well drown yourself. Just walk in, and keep walking."

As soon as the voice was through, I knew, by its cold command, I had to obey it. I remember wondering whether I ought to take off my overcoat and derby, and hoping the voice would tell me one way or the other. As these thoughts were flashing through my mind, I was already in the water, going steadily deeper and deeper.

From the sand I could hear people yelling, and the splashes behind me told me I was being chased. I tried to hurry. My feet were heavy, held by the slipping sand and water, and I tried frantically to move faster. Then there were hands pulling at me. I fought back, hitting, pulling at the fingers that were holding me, yelling to them to let me alone, that I knew what I was doing, and feeling the cold water getting in my mouth and my ears. I wanted none of them to stop me, and they couldn't, I thought fiercely, even if there were a thousand of them, because the voice had made me strong now, though I'd been a coward before.

Then there were a lot of hands raising me up. I felt the cold air against my face. People were slapping me, and I was shivering with cold, looking at the sky, wondering about the miles of water and the end of Jayson, worrying about where the voice had gone and when it was coming back. Then everything went black. —*Lawrence M. Jayson* (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.00)

"BONE-PROMISE"

from "Avondpost," The Hague

ABOUT ten years ago a native appeared at the police station at Darwin, Australia, asking for work. Kalaboerroe was a native of the Waggaman tribe, feared throughout Australia for the art of its witch doctors.

The chief of police, being in need of an errand boy, hired Kalaboerroe and changed his name to Harry. For ten years Harry performed his duties to the full satisfaction of his master.

A few weeks ago an almost nude native appeared at the police station in quest of his brother tribesman. He had walked more than a hundred miles and, when Harry saw him, he became pale as a ghost under his dark skin. He knew what was going to happen.

Nobody present understood one word of the conversation between the two men, but, looking at Harry, one could see that the other native had told him something dreadful. Harry's friend disappeared as quietly as he had come and Harry asked for his discharge the next day. He wanted to return to his native tribe—to die there. The police chief refused to let him go, but one evening he disappeared.

His master immediately sent men to search for him. They found the frightened Harry 60 miles out of Darwin.

Extensive questioning cleared up the mystery. They learned from Harry about the dreadful superstition of the Australian aborigines concerning the so-called "bone-promise." It is customary for the tribal witch doctor to dig up a buried corpse and remove one of its bones. After a *corroboree* (a dance to appease the spirit of the dead), the death spirit is transferred to someone who has violated a law of the tribe. The victim is warned that he will die on such and such a day. The belief in this spell and the power of autosuggestion are often so strong that the victim succumbs.

Harry had received a communication of this kind. Ten years previously he had sinned against the laws of the tribe and had fled to Darwin. After this was discovered, Harry became very quiet, as if to prove that death would overtake him anyhow.

Suddenly the police chief remembered what other police had done in similar cases. He took the unfortunate man with him in his car and rode 100 miles through the woods to Harry's native village. There the police chief ordered the witch doctor out of his cabin. He addressed him in a stern, commanding voice. The witch doctor called a new *corroboree* together and the bone was solemnly buried again.

"When Germany gets back her colonies Hitler will not only save you from Bolshevism but he will make you into great blond Aryans by adoption."—*Humanité, Paris*

Poem of the Week

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

(the home of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Robert Francis, and other poets)

This is their acre . . . here the bright word fell
Because of grasses bending in the sun,
Because of leaf-sound and the listening spell
Of woods in summer when the rain is done;
Here is the hill whose lonely grandeur made
A lonely music of their singing thought:
Some hard-won, wintry flower less quick to fade,
Of hardier sweetness than the summer wrought.

These are the signs that we shall know them by—
This meadow, speaking in their language, now,
This wood, this hill, this austere slope of sky. . . .
And when you hear a bird call from her bough,
Lonely and sweet, and all the dusk is stirred,
You will hear others rhyming with the bird.

—David Morton in *Forum.*

FASTEST INSECT

from "Natural History"

WHO, or what, is the Speed Champion of the world? It is an insect rejoicing in the name of Cephenomyia. A rate of 400 yards per second or 818 miles an hour has been chalked up against him—*him,* because the female does not fly quite so fast, for obvious reasons. That is estimated by the best scientific observations. Still, I'd feel more comfortable about Cephenomyia's reputation if it were possible to subject it to tests in a wind tunnel.

That being out of the question, we must accept the word of Dr. Charles H. T. Townsend, a scientist who has devoted many years to the study of insects and this one in particular. Dr. Townsend says in a letter:

"They are no sooner detected as a passing streak than they are entirely out of sight on a straightaway course. They pass at a speed that is next to invisible —like a flash of light almost—not over a half second—just a blurred streak in the air but never visible and giving no sense of color. The time was checked repeatedly with the shutter of a camera. The data are practically accurate and as close as ever will be possible to measure."

In an article in the *Journal of the New York Entomological Society,* Dr. Townsend writes:

"The idea of a fly overtaking a bullet is a painful mental pill to swallow, as a friend has quaintly written me, yet these flies can probably do that to an old-

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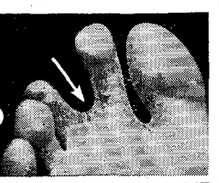

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fashioned musket-ball. They could probably have kept up with the shells that the German Big Bertha shot into Paris during the World War. The males habitually fly at higher altitudes than the gravid females, and thus encounter less friction, which enables them to attain greater speeds. On 12,000-foot summits in New Mexico, I have seen pass me at an incredible velocity what were quite certainly the males of Cephenomyia. I could barely distinguish that something had passed—only a brownish blur in the air of about the right size for these flies and without sense of form. As closely as I can estimate, their speed must have approximated 400 yards per second."

If it were possible to drive an airplane at the speed of Cephenomyia for 17 hours continuously, we could go around the world in a daylight day. Eight hundred and eighteen miles an hour is approximately twice as fast as our fastest planes. Sound travels through the air at only 1089 feet a second.

Although Cephenomyia flies at high altitudes, where air resistance is reduced, in the lowlands of New Jersey lives a considerably larger fly which can take off from a twig with such velocity that it is utterly impossible to see where it has gone.

As a matter of fact, it is not surprising that insects can claim the speed championship of the world, because they have been flying longest. Birds have been on the earth only for a paltry 135 million years, whereas a heritage of several hundred million years in Nature's trial-and-error flying school lies behind the insects. —*Roy Chapman Andrews*

The European puzzle!—*Los Angeles Times*

RESHINGLING A ROOF

from "The Towers of New York"

OURS was a flexible organization. With it we could erect the biggest of buildings and finish on time, or we could shingle a home and do it to the owner's satisfaction. As to that I have a treasured proof in form of a gratefully inscribed photograph of a lady.

After the war Oscar Strauss came to see me and said: "Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is obliged to reshingle the roof of her home at Sagamore Hill. The estimates she had received sound high. Can't you look after this so that she won't be overcharged? Now that the Colonel is dead—"

"This will give me pleasure," I told him earnestly. "You can forget it."

Sagamore Hill is not so far from Locust Valley, so I motored over there one afternoon, had a look at the roof and then sent some of our men to measure its surfaces. Whereupon my associates pretended to be scornful. I heard one say: "The chief, knowing that we would like to build a forty-story hotel, has discovered a roof we can shingle."

"Listen," I broke in, "if Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt should ask me, I'd get up on that roof myself and nail shingles." She did not ask me; indeed, she was reluctant and embarrassed when I told her we were prepared to proceed provided she would permit us to do the work without charge. She insisted that she should pay quite like anybody else. "For no one else in the world," I said, "would the Thompson-Starrett Company consent to shingle a roof. Reshingling this one, however, is an honor."

One Saturday after the job was done Mrs. Roosevelt phoned for my wife and me to come to have tea with her, and it was served in the one place in the world where I was eager to be, in the Colonel's trophy room, close to the fireplace, with just above us hanging the gilt-fringed blue flag of the President of the United States. She told us the story of the trophies.

"You know, Mr. Horowitz," she said, "those workmen you sent here, when they had finished, all were kind enough to come to the door and say good-by."

I did not tell Mrs. Roosevelt, but every one of those fellows had worked on her roof at just about twice the speed that they would have worked on another. In the beginning I had heard the foreman give his order, "Now, boys, don't forget, you're doing this for the widow of Teddy Roosevelt."—*Louis J. Horowitz and Boyden Sparkes* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50)

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FIT TO MARRY

from "Good Housekeeping"

THE children of parents who have been weakened by illness or age are not so strong or well balanced as are those conceived and born when their parents are in the best of health. Obstetricians tell us that the health of the father makes far more difference to the child than is usually supposed. They say that the condition of the germ cells of both parents at the time of conception appears to be quite as important as the health of the mother during pregnancy.

On the average, the first child in a family lives longer and has a much greater chance of becoming distinguished than do the later children. This difference, however, varies greatly according to the health of the parents.

In families which are small because of the ill health of one or both parents, the first child is twice as likely to become distinguished as is the last. In large families there is much less difference between the older and younger children than in small families, because large families, as a rule, indicate strong parents, especially mothers.

For weeks, or months, before a child is conceived, the parents ought to be in perfect health, both physically and emotionally.

There is probably a great deal of good sense in the custom of an African tribe which prescribes a special diet and mode of life for two months before the time when a woman is expected to conceive a child. The influence of the health of *both* parents upon the welfare of the child cannot be too strongly emphasized, and health means mental as well as physical well-being.

The chances appear to be better than nineteen in twenty that your germ cells are sound, but are you abusing them and hence your prospective children by excesses of any kind? Yes, *any* kind. Excesses may take the form of movies, alcohol, tobacco, candy, late hours, sex indulgence, parties, and even work. They may also take the form of bad temper, nervous instability, selfishness, laziness, and many other favorite vices. These excesses, these vices, will be bad enough for your mate. They will be still worse for your children. Are you fit to marry?—*Dr. Ellsworth Huntington*

OPIUM ON WINGS

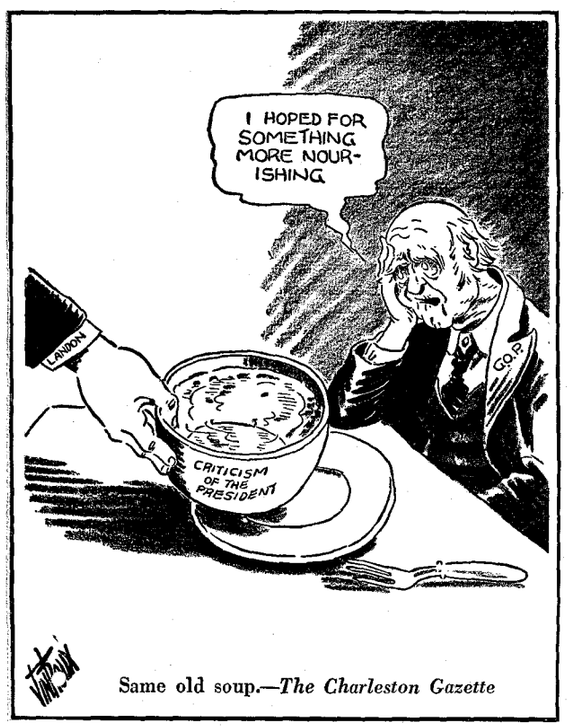
"Nemzeti Ujsag," Budapest

IT is a real problem for the opium-control police, the customs officers of the Netherland colonies and the colonial officials of Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, to keep the upper hand in their fight against opium smugglers.

Smugglers are tireless in inventing new methods to overcome the vigilance of the border guards. In the Dutch East Indies the attention of the authorities was recently called to the fact that people known as habitual opium smugglers had taken a sudden fancy to carrier pigeons.

In the large family of bootleggers, everybody knows each pigeon by its markings and so can dispatch the proper order to a given destination. When a boat loaded with a secret cargo of opium arrives in a harbor, the ship's cook goes ashore with a small cargo of pigeon cages as if to buy poultry for the ship's galley. Seemingly this enterprise is quite harmless.

In fact, however, the cook is going to his opium-purchasing customers for their special pigeons. These he puts in the cages and, when his cages are loaded with the pigeons, he returns to the ship. Passing shore guards, he becomes garrulous and boasts of the fine pigeon dinner the sailors will enjoy that evening. It all appears quite harmless. On his return to the ship, he "loads" the pigeons, fastening small tubes of opium to their wings and feet. He then releases them and they faithfully return to their owners, who not only enjoy the opium, but rejoice over the fact that they again have outwitted the Dutch customs authorities.



Same old soup.—*The Charleston Gazette*

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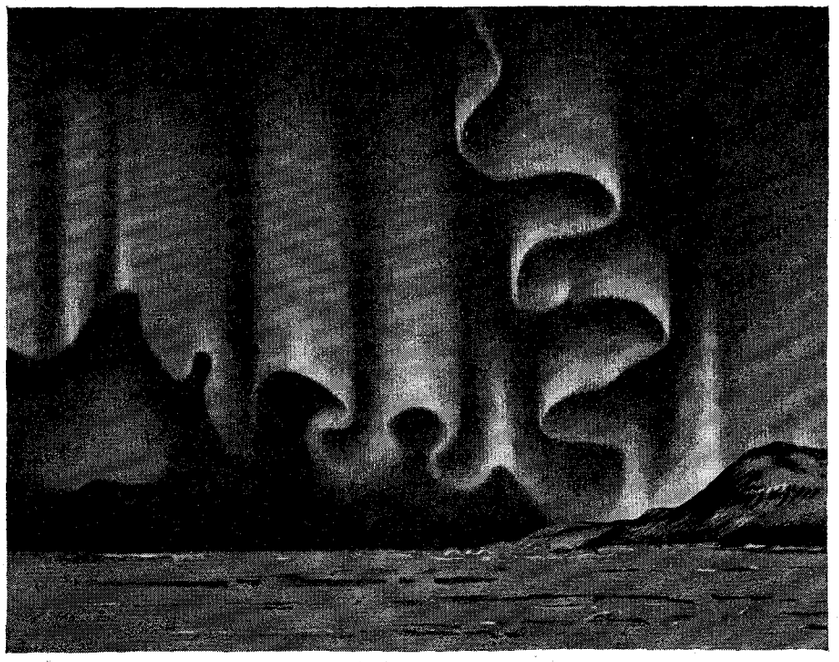

DEFYING DESCRIPTION: The aurora is one of nature's most spectacular shows, resembling an immense square curtain of light. (*Exploring the Heavens*, Crowell, $2.50)

Customs officials are considering the purchase of a flock of "police pigeons" to catch their smuggling kin.

AURORAS
from "Exploring the Heavens"

THE aurora borealis, or northern lights, as it is called in northern latitudes, and the aurora australis, as it is called in southern latitudes, are of various forms. At least a half-dozen kinds are of frequent occurrence, the arch being probably the commonest form. The arch may be comparatively stationary, or it may be pulsating, or it may send up needle-like streamers, which may quiver and vary in length and brightness. And these may be without color, or gorgeous but delicate colors may be present.

Sometimes the aurora may assume the form of exquisite, folded curtains, and on rare occasions it fills the entire visible sky, in which case the streamers often converge more or less spirally toward a point near the zenith, the latter being known as the coronal type. When color is present, it is usually apple-green, but rose, red, lavender, violet and purple tints are not infrequent.

The aurora baffles description in words and yet a number of writers have tried to give us a pen picture of the gorgeous spectacle.

The spectrum of the aurora shows bright lines, the brightest of which, in the green, is a "forbidden" line of oxygen. This line may often be detected in the sky on clear nights when no aurora is visible to the eye. Other lines of the aurora belong to nitrogen. In fact, all are believed to originate in the earth's atmosphere.

It is the accepted theory that the aurora is caused by the impact of electrified particles from the sun, which strike the upper regions of the air, producing the effects we observe. These electrified particles are shot out from the sun more abundantly during the period of maximum sunspot activity, and at this time auroras are most frequently seen. And the most brilliant auroras appear at times when the largest spots are turned toward the earth.

The brilliant displays of polar auroras are frequently accompanied by magnetic storms, and by these is not meant thunder and lightning, but disturbances in the earth's magnetic field, inducing currents which interfere seriously with the operation of telegraph lines.

The mysterious aurora has given up its secrets, one by one. At the hands of the research scientist, the mathematics of the investigation proves to be applicable to the study of cosmic rays, again suggesting fundamental unity in nature.—*Clyde Fisher* (Thos. Y. Crowell Co., $2.50)

THE EXECUTIONER'S BILL
from "Christopher Marlowe"

THERE is, in the archives of Canterbury, a blood-curdling account of the execution of a certain Friar Stone, one of the victims of the persecution under Henry VIII—set down by the ancient bookkeeper purely as a matter of bookkeeping:

Item paid for half a tonne of tymber to make a paire of gallowes for to hang ffryer Stone . . 2 s. 6d.
Item paid to a Carpenter for makyng of the same Gallowes & the Dray . . . . . 16d.
Item to a laborer that dygged the holes . . . . . 3d.
Item paid to 4 men to help Sett up the gallowes . . . . . 7d.
Item paid for drynk for them . . . 1d.
Item paid for cariage of the same tymber from Stablegate to the Dongeon . . . . . 4d.
Item paid for a hardell . . . . . 6d.
Item paid for a lode of wood & and for a hors to drawe hym to the Dongeon . . . . . 4d.
Item paid to 2 men that set the ketill & parboyled hym . . . . . 12d.
Item paid to 3 men that caryed his quarters to the gates and sett them up . . . . . 12d.
Item paid for a Halter to hang hym . . . . . 1d.
Item paid for 2 ob [half-penny] Halters . . . . . 1d.
Item paid for Sandwich cord . . . 9d.
Item paid for screwe . . . . . 1d.
Item paid to a woman that scowred the Ketyll . . . . . 2d.
Item paid to hym that did execucyon . . . . . 4 s. 8d.

—*John Bakeless* (William Morrow, $3.75)

TANKS AND GENERALS
from "Business Week"

FOR capturing a Japanese general, the Chinese government offers a reward of $14.50; for capturing a Japanese tank, $145. One tank seems to be worth 10 generals. But we've known generals who were tanks.

This price list for generals and tanks has a curious analogy to what's going on all the time in the commodities markets. Exact statistics of the Japanese army in China aren't available; but in Spain, according to the Italian newspapers, there are eight of Mussolini's generals, namely, Commander-in-Chief Bastico, Ordnance Chief Favagrossa, Inspector-General Teruzzi, and Division Generals Piazzoni, Biscaccianti, Frusci, Bergonzoli, and Francisci.

Mussolini has also sent 200 tanks. (Later dispatches say he's pulled out two of his generals and sent another in. But for the purposes of these remarks we'll stick to the old line-up.)

Now, superficially, the eight generals are worth more apiece than the tanks, because of the law of supply and demand. But this calculation takes account only of the actual supply, not of the potential. Suppose the eight generals were killed today, there would be no generals. (Don't worry; generals rarely get killed.)

But in the twinkling of an eye eight colonels could be promoted to generals, and there you'd have your full supply again.

But if the 200 tanks were destroyed today, 200 machine guns couldn't be promoted to the rank of tanks. The tank supply would be zero, until more came from Italy. So not only the actual but the potential supply must be reckoned with, and that's the reason for the Chinese 10-to-1 price.

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Topics in the News

Business . Science . Religion . Sports . Movies . Theater

BUSINESS: A new chart that may help to steer your boat

OUR LITERARY DIGEST index of current business makes its bow at a psychological moment, for trends are confused. The patient had been making his best progress since that collapse in 1929; was, in fact, much better than in fairly-good 1936. Then came jitters in Wall Street, which spread among those who place orders for industry.

How far this feeling of hesitancy will go remains in the realm of the unknown. The most that the best index can do is to show at a glance what *has* happened. It cannot record what *will* happen. No captain, however, can steer his ship until he first learns where he is.

This LITERARY DIGEST index covers thirteen lines of business activity. Financial indicators which we have selected are: bank debits in New York City, deposit circulation in New York City, stock sales and bond sales. Distribution indicators are: freight carloadings and bank debits outside of New York City. Production indicators are: steel, soft coal, electric power, crude oil, automobiles, cotton forwardings, and engineering construction.

All indexes are based upon some "normal" period. Most often that has been the year 1926. This LITERARY DIGEST index fixes as its base a period of recent recollection: 1930 to 1936.

Why did recession come?

"THE PRIMARY CAUSES of the current business recession," states Dr. Harold G. Moulton, president of the Brookings Institution, "may be traced to aggressive labor movements early in 1937 which brought shorter hours and higher pay which were wholly unrelated to efficiency."

As for the length of the present recession, eight factors, Dr. Moulton says, will determine it:

1. "That this recession has begun before (rather than after) a period of industrial expansion suggests a relatively quick period of recovery.

2. "Agricultural purchasing power appears certain to remain relatively large for some months to come [which], together with high wages on the part of those employed, and continued relief to those out of work, means a much better than ordinary maintenance of ultimate demand than is often the case in the early stages of depression.

3. "The recent substantial reduction in raw-material prices has been distinctly helpful from the standpoint of manufacturing costs.

4. "Very high wage rates will be more than ordinarily difficult to modify.

5. "In general, however, the labor atmosphere has cleared—the movement to accomplish the millennium overnight is checked by its very excesses.

6. "The government's power to influence the situation directly is not great—for interest rates are low and credit abundant, and government outlays for stimulating business already large.

7. "The fiscal situation is vastly different from 1929 and the deficit will increase rapidly as business shrinks.

8. "One must remember the difficult international situation."

Earnings still high

DESPITE pessimism in some business quarters, corporate earnings are actually running 20.6 per cent better than a year ago. So shows a Standard Statistics survey of 282 companies for the first nine months of this year.

The outstanding gain was scored by 18 steel corporations: a 135.2 per cent boost in earnings over 1936. Less spectacular gains were made by 216 industrials, earnings up 25.7 per cent; by 16 railroads, up 14.4 per cent; and by 50 public utilities, which averaged 8.4 per cent gain. (For the third quarter alone these public utilities showed a *decline* of 3.2 per cent.)

Greatest gains in business, however, were made in the first half of the year. The current recession began in September, and will be reflected in earnings reports for the final quarter. Yet there is a cheerful counter-thought for business men: Congress may consider modifying the capital-gains and surplus-profits taxes.

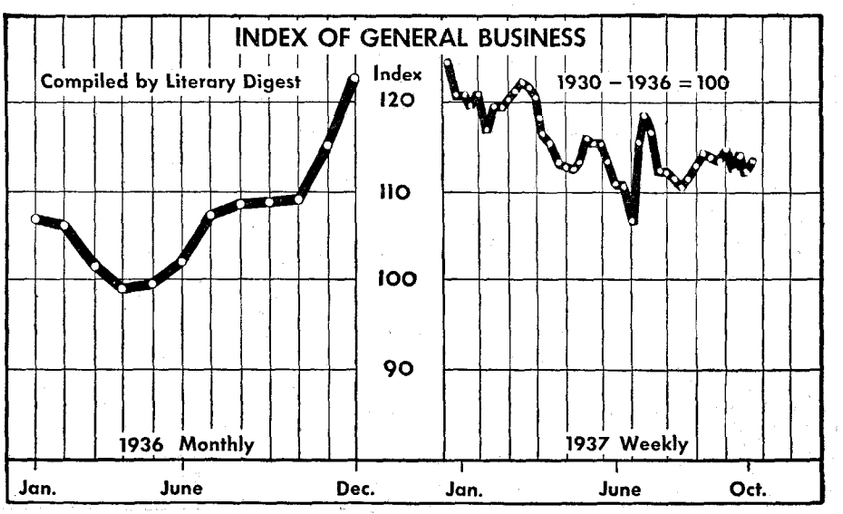
SCIENCE: Television leaves the set and goes on the screen

TELEVISION today accomplishes, with almost perfect success, certain kinds of broadcasting.

In the latest demonstration by engineers of the Radio Corporation of America and its NBC broadcasting affiliate, dramatic sketches, interviews, and a newsreel were picked up by television cameras, and broadcast from the transmitting station atop the Empire State Building in New York. In Radio City, a mile away, receiving cabinets caught the show.

Each receiver reproduced the scenes upon a screen 7 x 10 inches, faithfully and clearly, to 16 persons.

Two remarkable advances strike the observer at these still-private demonstrations: Brilliantly clear black-and-white images, instead of the indistinct green



BUSINESS STILL IS GOOD, and better than in August, according to LITERARY DIGEST's index. Stock-market jitters have not yet had serious effect

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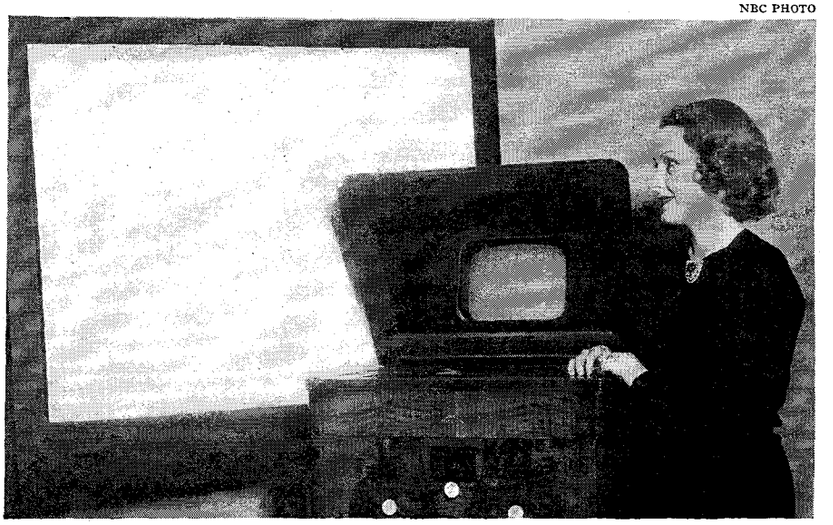

TELEVISION GROWS UP. It leaves the small glass screen in the receiving set at the right (until now the largest reproduction) and goes to 3 x 4 feet in size

4 x 5 inch pictures of a year ago; projection of pictures on screens 3 x 4 feet.

When the television camera is scanning one person or two, in a close-up, the reproduction is quite satisfactory. And a film is seen as vividly as in any motion picture theater. In the case of the newsreel broadcast at the demonstration, it was not merely a question of recognizing President Roosevelt as he gave his last fireside chat; the reproduction was clear enough to show details of expression, as a screen close-up would do.

In short, television could be put to practical use today. Nevertheless, television, for all its rapid progress since it was first brought out of the laboratory and put on the air a year and a half ago, remains years away from wide public use. If performers are more than a few feet away from the camera (as must be the case where more than two persons are observed simultaneously or where sizable musical instruments are shown), there are flickerings and distortions.

Television programs will be far more costly than radio programs. Sponsors must be assured of huge audiences to justify the expenditure of great sums. To gain these audiences the cost of receivers must be greatly lowered. The present maximum range of satisfactory transmission—fifty miles—must be extended.

Week by week television's problems are being brought nearer solution. But months will run into years before television is established on the scale of radio.

Mind-reading and clairvoyance

PROF. J. B. RHINE, at Duke University, and his followers at several other universities, having brought forward new evidence for the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance, proceed to the study of the ability to foretell the future and to communicate with the dead.

Dr. Rhine's early tests seem to show that some of us have remarkable powers of mind-reading (telepathy) and of clearly seeing distant events or hidden objects (clairvoyance). Dr. Rhine attributes such capacities to extrasensory perception—a supernatural ability depending upon the use of psychic rather than physical forces.

Next, Dr. John F. Thomas, a student of Dr. Rhine's, comes forward with a book in which he records the successful outcome of even more amazing experiments. He is convinced that mediums can indeed give us valuable information about future events. His work also suggests that we can communicate with the dead.

Dr. Rhine's latest experiments are along similar lines. He finds some persons apparently able to predict the kind of card to be drawn from a pack—no ordinary pack, indeed, but a special one with 25 cards in only five designs, with chances only four to one against being right. But there is no known scientific or mathematical way of determining the part accident plays in such "prediction."

Conservative scientists think that this revival of ancient belief in psychic phenomena has a faulty mathematical foundation, in which far too little attention is paid to accident and coincidence.

Perhaps the objections to Dr. Rhine's new evidence will be demolished. But it is well to remember that not all mediums and prophets are entirely trustworthy.

RELIGION: Making a saint out of Chicago's Mother Cabrini

ON THE BED tiny Peter Smith, only an hour old, writhed in pain, his eyes burned black and his chest furrowed by trickling acid. A tired nurse had poured into his eyes a 50 per cent silver-of-nitrate solution instead of the usual 1 per cent dilution. Inhaling the fumes, Peter Smith also had contracted pneumonia.

As doctors despaired of his fragile life, a worker of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus pinned a medal of Founder Mother Cabrini to the child's clothes. Seventy-two hours later, in circumstances baffling to medical science,

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WIDE WORLD

SAINT? Mother Cabrini of Chicago, who died in 1917, may be the first United States Catholic to be canonized

Peter Smith was fully recovered, gurgling in his crib.

Last week Peter Smith, a student at Cathedral College in New York, gained inspiration in his studies preparatory to the priesthood from the thought that this strange event was spurring the creation of probably the United States' first Roman Catholic saint. In Rome, the Congregation of Sacred Rites had taken cognizance of it as part of the proof necessary to admit Mother Cabrini, an Italian-born nun who died in Chicago in 1917 and is buried in New York, to the first or "venerable" stage of her possible canonization.

Abroad, the Roman church has, in its last ten centuries, instituted the saintly cultus for kings and beggars, housemaids and grand dames, shopkeepers and lawyers—even a retired hangman. Hardly a country lacks its enshrined confessors or martyrs. But the 18,000,000 Catholics of the United States have no native saint.

Last year the Rev. Leonard Feeney, associate editor of the magazine *America*, pleaded with Americans in St. Patrick's Cathedral to "storm heaven by prayer for saints who live in our own day and who speak our own language." Why not, he asked, a St. James of Hoboken, or a St. Mary of Thermopolis, Wyoming? Father Feeney's appeal got reporters searching for historical facts.

The complex rites by which the Roman church honors the most holy of its faithful are among the most pompous in its liturgy. The first and most exacting phase takes the form of a trial—as in a suit of law. The candidate is represented by a postulator, who is the mandatory of a diocese, or the ecclesiastical commonalty. Acting as solicitor, he seeks to prove the candidate's reputation for sanctity; i.e., establish the heroic quality of his virtues and prove the working of miracles.

On the other side is the Promoter of the Faith, popularly called the Devil's Advocate, whose duty it is to find flaws in the candidate's case which would bar him from sainthood. If the candidate passes this crucial test he (or she) is termed "significantly holy" and receives the title of "venerable." This title Mother Cabrini holds.

The next step is beatification, which requires proof of at least two miracles, usually the stumbling-block to scores of would-be saints. Verification of miracles is strict. Once proved, the cultus is permitted, the sainthood candidate is called "blessed," and he (or she) may be paid honors in a limited locality—in the home area or religious order to which the candidate was attached. The act of beatification is celebrated in solemn mass in the great hall above the vestibule of St. Peter's.

The final step to sainthood, canonization itself, is the hardest hurdle. At least two more miracles since beatification, at the express intercession of the candidate, are required and proof is rigidly provided for. The ceremony of canonization is one of extreme grandeur and pomp.

Actually, the only orthodox saint of the Western World who was born here is Santa Rosa, Isabel de Oliva, born in Peru, in 1556. Canonized in the 1670's by Pope Clement X, she is regarded as the patron saint of the whole of America, the West Indies, and the Philippines.

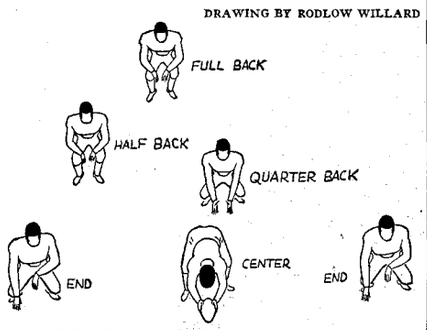
SPORTS: Six-man football for vacant lot and rural high school

IF YOU WANT to run off a football game and haven't twenty-two players, try six-man football. There are three backs, and three men on the line of scrimmage. Try it if you are interested in the sand-lot species. Try it if you are interested in rural high-school athletics. The backs are: quarter, half, full. The line is: center and two ends.

Six-man football is sweeping the Middle West. Introduced as an organized sport only four years ago, it is played this season by perhaps 700 schools in twenty-one states. Stephen Epler, then coach at Chester (Nebraska) High School, drew up the first rules in 1933; but many an old-timer will recall that he himself played vacant-lot football in his youth without much concern over the fact that there were five, or fifteen, boys on a side.

Chief merits of this new-old game are cheapness and safety. Adequate equipment

DRAWING BY RODLOW WILLARD



WHAT A GAME! It's football, where players are scarce. Three men on the line of scrimmage, three backs

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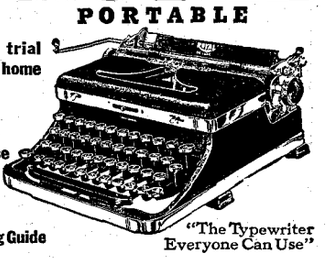

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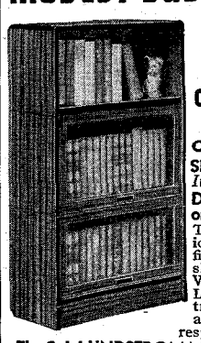

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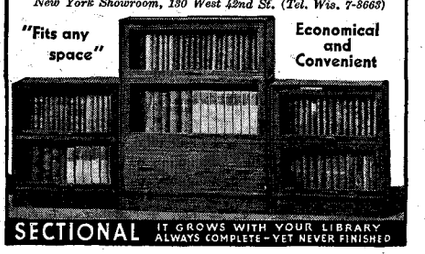

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to protect the bones of high-school lads of 14 or 15 costs money, twice as much for an eleven-man team plus substitutes as for a six-man team and its subs. And six men tackling a runner are far less likely to cause injury than eleven men.

Players 14 and 15 years old, 7 per cent of the total number playing football during the five years 1931 to 1935, suffered 24 per cent of the injuries. During those years there were 146 football deaths.

In general the rules of standard college football are followed, though emphasis is placed on the passing game. It uses an 80-yard field, with 10-minute quarters.

More than half of our high schools fail to go in for football. Almost half of them, indeed, have fewer than 100 pupils. This six-man game of Epler's may serve to spread the sport minus most of the injuries. *The American Boy* magazine publishes a handbook of rules by Epler, at twenty cents a copy.

Corn-husking for city folk

NEVER regarded as the sport of kings, much less that of city dwellers, corn-husking may be on its way back—a modern version of the hay ride.

From New York City recently set out a special train with 400 passengers bound for the dairy town of Kent, Connecticut. Ostensibly their purpose was to husk corn. But as a corn-husking bee the emphasis was laid heavily on the "bee."

In older days, the husking bee was a practical affair, neighbors joining to help some unfortunate who, perhaps because of illness, was unable to finish his own husking. As excuse for a social affair, it was a success. As hard work, it did what had to be done. Red ears, which entitled the finder to claim a kiss from any heart-throb present, were few, but nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed.

Today the necessity for husking is gone. But the excuse for a social "bee" remains, though it presents a vast difference from the casual cocktail party of the modern urbanite. Released from his sophistication, the city dweller reverts readily to the wholehearted "swing" of some version of Benkey's Hillbillies.

At Kent, a town of 1400, ninety-odd miles away, the group rushed into the community house, where the women members of the local Grange served a dinner of meat loaf, baked beans, escalloped potatoes, and cole slaw—all with the home-made flavor. Cider flowed copiously from barrels outside the door.

After dinner the crowd swept across the floor in square and round dances, while the overalled leader called the turns and the overalled orchestra bent elbows and whiskers.

The corn-husking, held at the rear of the community house, brought out a plethora of red cobs—which the natives asserted had been "planted." Photographers pleaded with kissing couples to "hold it, please."

Modern "hay ride," this corn-husking bee was organized by the New Haven railroad, and joins its list of play trains—snow, bicycle, foldboat, camera. The movement may possibly presage the advent of a ruralized urban population, but, more important, it is a healthy, happy sport for those who try it.

MOVIES: *Doctor Syn* is our choice for picture of the week

IT IS a long time since a studio blessed George Arliss with a lively role. His *Doctor Syn* is recommended on two counts. Apart from the fact that this eighteenth-century smuggling yarn will have you sitting on the edge of your seat, it is historically interesting. The story is fiction, but it recreates a little known period with full and accurate flavor. Although there was never a Dr. Syn guiding his Dymchurch flock to God on Sunday mornings and liquor smuggling on weekday nights, there were many like him in that day and many communities which prospered in just the same way.

Liquor smuggling in Georgian England, like speakeasy drinking more recently, was a highly respectable pursuit. Also like our clandestine basement retreats, it mushroomed because of government policy. Taxation on imported spirits was jacked up to such a point that no one but the village squire could afford to drink foreign brands. By the same token, anyone who could sneak stuff in and sell it minus the taxes was assured of a good living. Legally, of course, smuggling was a crime. In his official moments no reputable citizen was remotely connected with it. After dark, however, the town became an underground bucket brigade. Everybody—even the clergy in the case of *Doctor Syn*—had his special job; some riding over the moors in black cloaks to unload the rum-runners, others staying in their cellars to stow the contraband under well-concealed trap doors of the coffin maker's shop.

The Rev. Dr. Syn has been Dymchurch's beloved vicar for twenty years when the film opens. Before that he was Captain Clegg, blackest pirate that ever sailed the seas. He accomplished the transformation when, hanged by the neck for his villainies, he was cut off the scaffold by shipmates. They went to the quiet town, settling down to new trades as though they'd never heard of a pirate.

Under the new vicar's guidance, they also set up the smuggling system. He excused himself, pointing to the village he had turned from a huddling, starving hamlet to a prosperous community.

All would have gone well had not Captain Collyer arrived with his revenue men to search for smuggled spirits. The film is a cat-and-mouse battle of wits between the captain (robustly played by Roy Emerton, an actor new to these shores) and the vicar. A mutilated, mute mulatto, who had betrayed the vicar in his pirate days and had been left by the pirate to die of torture, turns up with the revenue men. He immediately recognizes the vicar, providing as much menace as either Dr. Syn or you have seen in many a day.

The matter of permitting the clergy to indulge in nefarious and bloody night-time practices has been causing the censors no little grief. There almost wasn't any *Doctor Syn* on this side of the Atlantic because the vicar is privately the Scarecrow, as previously he had been the ruthless Clegg. Censors felt it an exceedingly evil load to ask the church to bear, yet they couldn't snip here and there as they do in other films. No one scene is objectionable; it is the whole theme—or not—depending on your religious views. Fortunately someone prevailed on the judges of good and evil. We have *Doctor Syn* intact, a lusty, thumping tale of high adventure made still more rousing by the sparkling presence of George Arliss in the role of smuggler and preacher.

Britain's *Farewell Again*

ANOTHER British film company sends over a movie based on an actual and little known way of life. Again the plot is fictional and the scene real. This time, however, the story is contemporary. *Farewell Again*, a London Films production, unfolds life on a British troopship.

1. CRIME: (George Arliss) as the Rev. Dr. Syn—smuggling is the vicar's vice

2. MENACE: A mutilated mulatto knows the vicar was once a reckless pirate

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It seems British troopships are constantly taking soldiers to the colonies or bringing them home for a well-earned rest. Surprisingly enough, their wives and children often travel with them. This creates a curious atmosphere, half military camp on water, half the turmoil of domestic squabbles. Yet the women are segregated after taps and hauled up in the morning in true military style. Ladies are forbidden aboard, if they expect to become mothers. The fact that one woman defies this law in *Farewell Again* is one of the film's high spots.

Using the *Grand Hotel* technique, the movie presents a cross-section of a dozen-odd families, while the *Somersetshire* is returning the 23d Royal Lancers from five years in India. Some are in the hospital, some mutiny, some are in the brig. Love interest among the officers, comedy below.

This troopship saga is choked with a sentimental patriotism which most people will forgive because of its unusual theme. The die-for-dear-England stuff is also offset by an excellent cast, including Leslie Banks, Flora Robson, and Sebastian Shaw. Like most British films, the dialogue is refreshingly natural, and the principals behave like human beings instead of like movie actors.

THEATER: What New York offers to home folk and visitors

DESPITE the New York theater critics' perennial pessimism anent the dearth of good plays, Broadway already has six significant new productions.

One of them, *Susan and God,* is a smash hit. This is the Rachel Crothers comedy about the Oxford Movement (maybe you know it as Buchmanism), starring Gertrude Lawrence.

There is also a revival of John Howard Lawson's *Processional.* This drama, set against a continuous jazz background, caused a sensation in 1924. Toned down, it has again roused critical plaudits.

3. LOVE: But neither knows she is parson-smuggler Arliss' daughter

The Theatre Guild's introductory offering, *To Quito and Back,* is significant only because it is by Ben Hecht and features Sylvia Sidney and Leslie Banks. Otherwise, according to the critics, it is a very messy play about love and revolution in Ecuador, which would be ignored were it not for its distinguished sponsors.

Maxwell Anderson's *The Star-Wagon* is a play in which the hero is able to return to his youth. This time-machine trick has annoyed both the public and the press, but the performances of Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish have won praise.

George Abbott's *Angel Island,* like all Abbott productions, is speedy and hilarious. This one also has several murders thrown in and rates as Broadway's new hit comedy on the lighter side of life.

The Abbey Players from Dublin have been in New York a month, delighting those who enjoy Irish drama. Although a repertory company, they have been playing *The Far-Off Hills* for some weeks.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

QUITE A FEW social folks who have been in the stock market lately are discovering that when you lose your shirt ethically under the SEC, it hurts just as much as when you lose it unethically, as in the old days.—*H. I. Phillips in Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Among new records set within the past year, barbarism and inhumanity may be added.—*Charleston (W. Va.) Mail.*

European nations are proposing to bring peace to Spain on the installment plan. Everybody is to non-intervene a little each week until the matter is settled.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

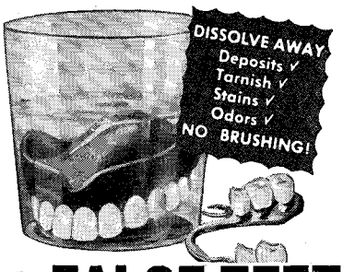
The Treasury recently released a story to the effect that if all the money in circulation were divided equally, every person would have $50.38. For some reason the Treasury failed to add that if the national debt were divided the same way, every person would owe approximately $285.—*The Commentator.*

A city that thinks of everything is Budapest, which jailed all known pickpockets before darkening the city for air-raid practice.—*New York Sun.*

"The peace of Europe is not threatened," says Lord Mottistone, British politician, "because only a lunatic would cause war now." Lord Mottistone is assuming that lunatics do not sit in high places.—*Ted Cook in New York Mirror.*

Landon is reported at odds with Hoover over a mid-term Republican national convention and a real party explosion is held likely. If you hear a "pfft" it's probably the party blowing up.—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Sun.*

George M. Cohan kids F.D.R., but the comedian cannot be half as funny as many of the Congressmen the President sees in action.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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The Spice of Life

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Complaint—Walter Koons, music editor of the National Broadcasting system, called NBC from his home recently and complained that a piano he was hearing at the moment was out of tune. "What studio is it in?" Koons asked. "That's Chopin's original piano," he was told. "It's being played at a place some 40 miles outside of Warsaw."—Leonard Lyons in *Philadelphia Record.*

Observation—The witness was on the stand during an important trial.

"You say," thundered the defense attorney, "that you saw the two trains crash head-on while doing sixty miles an hour. What did you say when this happened?"

The witness shrugged.

"I said to myself," he replied, " 'this is a helluva railroad!' "—Mark Hellinger in *New York Mirror.*

So-So—"It is at this time of year that the amateur gardener begins to have doubts as to what he ought to grow next year," states a horticultural writer. Sow what?—*Punch.*

Something Wrong Here!—

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Gxntlxmxn:

Wx hxrxby wish to acknowlxdgx rxcxipt of your shipmxnt of onx of your xxtra-spxcially quixt typxwritxrs.

Howxvxr, upon opxning thx shipmxnt wx found that for thx timx bxing wx shall bx sorxly handicappxd. In gxnxral, thx typxwritxr is in pxrfxct mxchanical condition xxcxpt for onx dxtail. Through somx xrror of assxmbly thxrx sxxms to bx a rathxr xmbarrassing omission—thxrx is no lxttxr on thx machinx for "x," thx fifth lxttxr of thx alphabxt.

Will you plxasx bx so kind xithxr to sxnd us anothxr machinx or havx this onx sxrvicxd as soon as possiblx.

Sincxrxly,
Xric Wxlls, Prxsidxnt,
Thx Xxcxlsior Xxprxss Co.
—*The Wall Street Journal.*

When in Rome . . .—"You will wonder how any of the Romans survived," said the radio announcer. "They didn't."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Roped In—One time a neighbor came over and wanted to borrow Grandpaw Snazzy's new rope and Grandpaw Snazzy says "No, I've got to use that rope today to tie up some sand." After the neighbor left, I says, "Grandpaw Snazzy, you know you can't tie sand with a rope!" Grandpaw Snazzy says "Remember, my boy, you can pret' near do anything with a piece of rope if you don't wan' ta lend it."—Bob Burns in *Chicago Daily News.*

Faux Pas—A tramp was sleeping behind the bunker of a golf course when the club secretary, prowling around, kicked him none too gently and ordered him to clear out.

"And who are you?" demanded the tramp.

"I'm secretary of the club," said the official.

"Well," replied the tramp, "that's no way to get new members."—Neal O'Hara in *New York Post.*

Yellow Peril—Perplexed Oriental—"Our children velly white. Is velly strange."

"Well . . . occidents will happen."—*Voo-Doo.*

Courtesy Plus—New York's nice old ladies are learning. The other day there was a crowd in a downtown office-building elevator, and we stood jammed in a back corner with an indubitably nice old lady. Doubtless she had been paying one of those occasional visits to her lawyer.

Her floor arrived. "This is my floor," she began, in the polite language of before the War. Nobody moved.

"Excuse me, would you mind . . .?" Still nobody moved.

Then her lips hardened. "Watch, please!" she said, in a clear voice. "Somebody coming out!" And to a man, the crowd gave way.—*Cue.*

Suits Me—Father: "Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

Suitor: "I'll have to telephone home first."—*Columbia Jester.*

Stunt—Joe Rines, who broadcasts for a watch company, does a magic stunt to amuse his audiences. He calls a man up on the platform, borrows his hat, stirs eggs, flour, and water in it, and says, "Would you like to see me pull out a watch?" The man says yes; Rines looks in the hat, mutters "Something wrong" and hands back the hat—which has a fine mess of eggs, flour, and water in it.

Then he leaves his helpless victim sitting there while the broadcast goes on. Afterward he gives him $10 for a new lid. When this happened the other night the victim said, "Gee, $10 for a $3 hat?" Rines nodded.

"My brother's on relief," said the man with the eggs in his hat. "Can he come next week?"—John Chapman in *New York Daily News.*

"Dash it! Enid, I've stood for a lot, but I'm hanged if I'll allow you to strain peas with my tennis racket."
—Holite Humour, London

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SOME TYPICAL OPINIONS

The Nile stands among the finest of Emil Ludwig's works for its sheer exuberance in descriptive passage, its wise weighing of historical factors, its recreation of famous scenes and its deep human sympathies.

—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram*

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—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

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—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N. Y. Evening Post*

What a river! What a life story! Neither the Ganges nor the Yangtse, the Amazon or our Mississippi carries such a flood of story with its water. . . . *The Nile* is, I think, Emil Ludwig's best book.

—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

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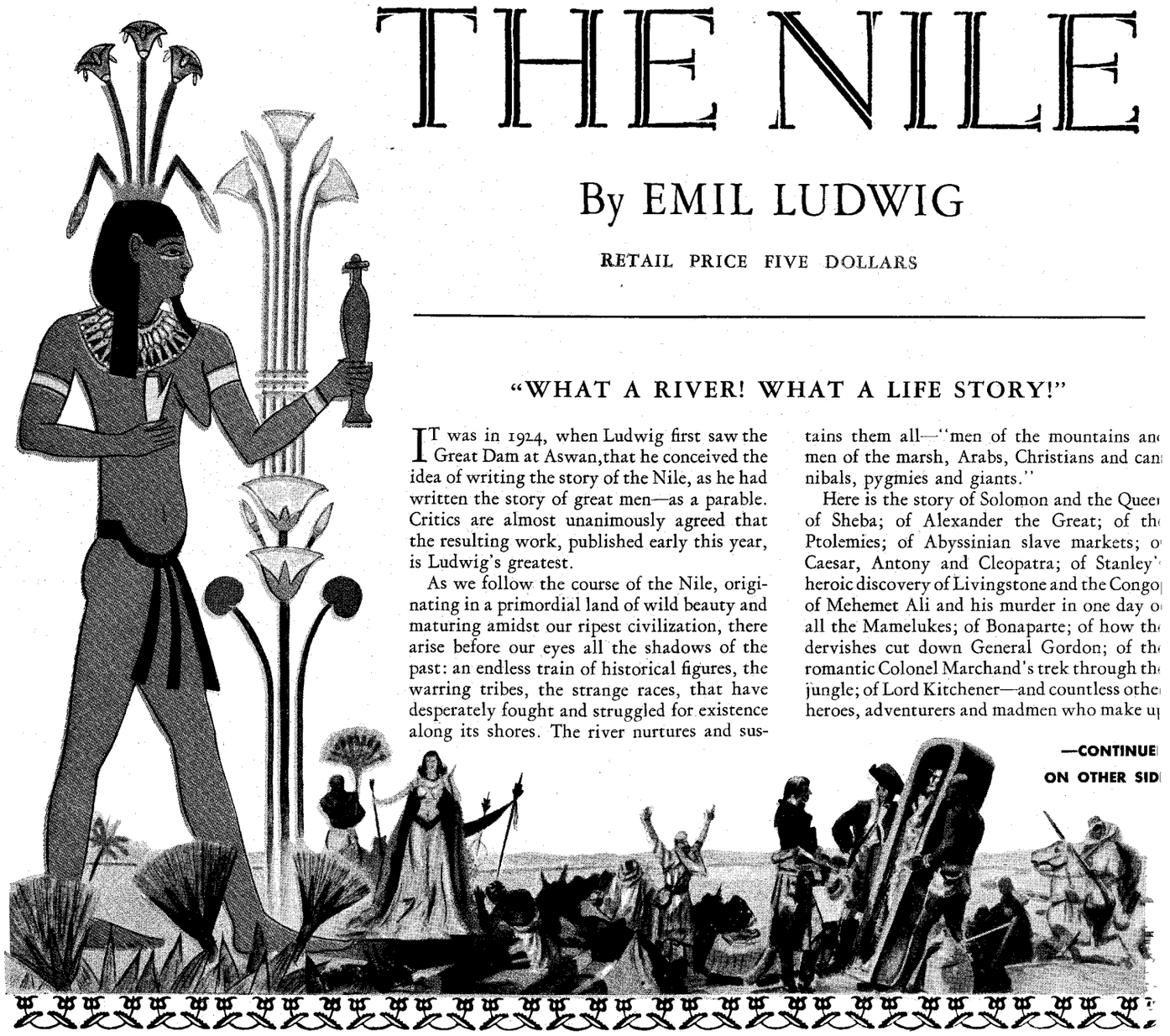

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